TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

After a vast deal of bickering and bad temper the City Council at last decided to send the Mayor and Treasurer Coady to London to negotiate the debentures which are about to be issued. The discussion over this matter and the Court House by-law has revealed a very contemptible phase of our municipal politics, and I imagine the citizens have taken at their true value the pretentious and contentious behavior of those gentlemen in and out of the City Council who have assumed to themselves all the virtue and knowledge which keeps Toronto from going to the "demnition bow-wows."

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I have no reason to be prejudiced against Ald. Gillespie, but I think he is taking a wrong course to achieve good either for himself or the city. He continually asserts that he is the only watchman on the tower, that he is fighting single-handed for the public good against a united phalanx of corrupt aldermen, led in their mad charge by an ignorant blockhead of a Mayor. This is but a fair summary of Ald. Gillespie's opinion of the council and the city executive, and he has made it so sweeping and has endeavored to place his exalted attributes so constantly before the public, and in season and out of season has so belittled his colleagues and Mayor Clarke, that the public—we must suppose the people have some powers of discrimination—begin to wonder whether Ald. Gillespie's opinion of himself is not as unjustifiable as is his opinion of his colleagues. It is seldom that in a body of nearly two score men the virtue and ability is concentrated under one hat. The electors have indeed made a strange choice if in selecting their representatives they had sense enough to elect but one good one, as against thirty-eight bad ones.

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Ald. Gillespie's contention that continual attempts are made to slt upon him suggests that there must be something wrong in his conduct, which makes it exceedingly offensive to the other aldermen. Is it not possible that his bumptiousness is to blame? I merely offer this as a suggestion because I thoroughly appreciate the good Ald. Gillespie has done, and feel sorry to see his usefulness impaired by cantankerous self-assertiveness and what appears like an itching for notoriety.

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I believe the *Telegram* has been largely to blame for swelling Ald. Gillespie's head. It has never been able to excuse Mayor Clarke for succeeding in spite of its opposition. By turns it abuses and patronizes him, its praise being almost as offensive as its reproof. With what may pass for independence it denounces every man who refuses to aid and abet it in its schemes, and then poses as the guardian of the public good, covering with the mantle of patriotism persistent personalities, the like of which have not hitherto been seen in Toronto journalism. It would appear that a large number of aldermen have been so bulldozed by the clever and altogether reckless abuse showered upon them by the *Telegram* that they are really afraid to say whether their soul is their own or not. The *Telegram* is not always wrong nor is it always right, and it becomes a pitiable sight when business men get so rattled by personalities that they would rather yield than be sneered at. It may or may not be the ambition of the *Telegram's* proprietor to be Toronto's political boss, but he is certainly taking the wrong way to reach that goal. The citizens will not long permit the Chief Magistrate of the city to be placed in the humiliating position of being continually and most unfavorably compared to a man vastly his inferior both in point of ability, energy and honesty. The *Telegram* evidently has Ald. Gillespie in training for the Mayoralty race, but every day it follows its present course it is preparing a most humiliating defeat for its favorite.

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Ald. Gillespie's attitude on the court-house by-law, assumed at the last moment, though he has been a member of the committee which has had the arrangements in charge, is in such frightfully bad taste, so thoroughly unjustifiable, such a palpable effort to obtain a little *kudos* at the expense of his colleagues and to assist the paper which assumes to be his godfather, that it has been resented not only by every member of the committee but every man who understands the position of affairs.

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With regard to the delegation to assist the financial agents in London to dispose profitably of our debentures, Ald. Gillespie, following his habit, criticised everything, then magnanimously offered to keep the delegation from being robbed in London, and thus, while acting unofficially, prepared to tear in pieces everything they did and to claim credit for whatever success they might attain. When, at the demand of a gentleman who is as near a friend as Ald. Gillespie has in the council, he stated that he would accompany the delegation if invited, this worthy gentleman was forced to come out of his shell and five minutes later the council decided that Ald. Gillespie should stay at home, and if he received the snub direct he has no one to blame but himself.

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That Ald. John McMillan was left at home was a wise act. He would have added expense without bringing strength to the deputation, but the fact that he was immediately elected to be president of the council in the mayor's absence, shows the respect in which he is held by his colleagues.

I am thoroughly sick of the persistent attempts that are being made to injure Mayor Clarke. Every one knows, no one better than his most obstreperous opponents, that night and day he has worked for the good of Toronto ever since he was first elected to the Mayor's chair. His whole time, his every thought has been given to the city. Not the slightest intimation of dishonesty has been made by his bitterest opponents, yet what is his reward? The opposition to him in the press and out of it has been factious and unreasonable. There has not been a move he has made but what has been received by the *Telegram* with either offensive patronage or violent abuse. If there is anything in the trip he deserves it, for he has been an over-worked man and shows every sign of exhaustion. If there is anything in having a deputation, as Ald. Gillespie has confessed, he is the proper man to be at the head of it. If there is anything in our being represented in the London money markets by a man of hard common sense and strong personality, we have it in Mayor Clarke, and the trifle it will cost to have the city's credit and its unappreciated advantages well stated to those who are to act for us will be more than compensated for by having Mayor Clarke there to attend to it. There is certainly no encouragement for a man to devote himself to the city's interests if his hands are not to be upheld by those who admire ability and sturdy honesty, and I am only one of a very great many who feel like entering a vigorous protest against the system of criticizing to death our very best friends.

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To-day the question of whether or not we are to have a city and county building in keeping with the dignity and growing greatness of Toronto will be decided. Such opposite opinions have been expressed that I have no idea whether the by-law will be carried or not. Those who have the privilege of voting are being put to the test as to whether or not they believe in Toronto, and I am awaiting the decision with much anxiety. All over this Province, and throughout all Canada the result will be accepted as our opinion of ourselves and our city. It would not pay Toronto, even if half the money were to be invested in buildings we could not use—though this is certainly not the case—to let it be understood that we are faltering in our faith that Toronto has only begun to grow. If the verdict is against the by-law it will be partially at least owing to the mendacious statements that it is likely to cost between two and three million dollars—statements altogether unfounded in fact and put forward for the purpose of defeating a well-matured scheme and of proving to the electors that the newspaper which has arrogated to itself the position of censor must be consulted or whatever is attempted will be reviled and misrepresented. That both the *Telegram* and *Globe* have hitherto been signally unfortunate in directing public opinion suggests to those who know the municipal history of Toronto that their opposition will count for little, but when attempts have been made to work upon the fears of the electors, and much prating of high taxes and reckless extravagance has been done, no one can tell how far they will be successful in imposing upon the credulity of their readers.

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The Home government has made an absurd attempt to define the exact meaning of the title "Honorable" as bestowed by colonists on their cabinet ministers and senators. We have been told that while we may bestow this title out here in the woods it won't be recognized "at ome." It is evident that the Downing street people intend to retain a monopoly of the title business, that they are determined that we shall look for garters, spangles and prefixes to the head factory of this sort of thing. But it seems to me that if the people of this country feel inclined to call their cabinet ministers and senators "Honorable," the title is much more worth striving for than any tinsel decoration which can be conferred through the agency of Downing street. If gartered snobbery is to go so far it would be only right if we refused to recognize the titles which are the out-put of the nobility foundry which seems so jealous of colonial competition. If we don't take a firm stand upon this question even our colonels and captains may be repudiated and our "esquires" brought into ridicule. Titles in Canada are an infant industry and must be protected; we do not propose that our "Honorables" shall have to take off their prefix and take chances of catching cold when they go to England on a visit.

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The arrest of the son of the celebrated Chicago lawyer, Emory A. Storrs, on the charge of attempting to blackmail his wife, suggests the terrorism which is exercised by people who know, or pretend to know, dangerous secrets. There is no more dastardly deed than threatening the reputation of another in order to coerce him, yet how often it is done. I was sitting in the office of a man who is at the head of a large company, when the proprietor of a newspaper asked him how it was that his advertising was so oddly distributed. The manager laughed and said: "We have to advertise with the people we are afraid of. We are not afraid of you, so we don't give you any business." What must one think of a newspaper which terrorizes a corporation into advertising in it. Highway robbery is a much more respectable profession. Blackmailing is much more frequently practiced than the majority of people suspect. There are half-a-dozen men of my acquaintance who have paid hush money rather than be exposed. I have in my mind one of the gentlest and best fellows I ever knew who has been almost ruined financially as well as tortured beyond description mentally and physically in trying to keep from his wife a folly committed years ago, for which he has repented in sackcloth a thousand times. His guilty secret is in the hands of another, and it has been the source of the blackmailer's livelihood for ten years. More than once I confess to having advised my friend to kill the brute; I think it would be justifiable. If it is legal to hang murderers I think it is perfectly proper to put to death the assassins of character.

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If anything were needed to convince us that Premier Mercier has become the willing slave of the French Canadian papacy, it would be his attendance at church in St. Hyacinthe last Sunday arrayed in the gorgeous attire which accompanies the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, lately conferred upon him by the Pope. This feudal uniform topped off with a great hat and feathers attracted a large audience and its wearer was received at the railing of the sanctuary by the clergy. Fakes in politics have gone a long way but there was never anything like this before in Canada. If the people do their duty it will never happen again.

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A number of my readers have taken great pains to send me clippings and other intimations that I made a mistake last week in referring to the late Count Tolstoi as being the celebrated novelist. The item was written on the basis of the first telegram received, which simply stated that Count Tolstoi was dead. I no doubt betrayed my ignorance of great Russian politicians insomuch as I only knew one man of that name, but even the clippings which were sent me all state that "he was a relative of Lyof N. Tolstoi the novelist, and his identity was very often confused with that of the other." Those who are fond of realistic novels, and who sympathize with the efforts of Tolstoi to elevate his fellow countrymen, will rejoice that it was the politician rather than the novelist who passed away.

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The Police Commissioners are pricing covers for their wagons. An effort to get them as cheaply as possible is commendable but no time should be lost in procuring them. It is better to go to some expense than continue to make a parade of every unfortunate who falls into the hands of the charioteer of the Coach of Infamy.

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Our Ministerial Association has been very kindly considering what amusements are fit for good people to attend. An unusual liberality was evinced in the discussion. This is a problem which the pulpit has for years been endeavoring to solve, in nearly every instance without accomplishing any good. Dancing, card-playing and theater-going have been vigorously denounced and yet theaters have not declined, cards are as much played as ever, and dancing has lost none of its objectionable features. It must be admitted that people will amuse themselves in some way, and the gentleman was right who stated that much more harm was done by over-earnestness in business and money-making than by too great devotion to pleasure-seeking. It is impossible to adopt hard and fast rules with regard to either dancing, card-playing or theater-going. There are many circumstances under which dancing is decidedly improper and of an undoubtedly immoral tendency. The same is true with regard to almost every form of amusement. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell stated that he was not opposed to such games as baseball and cricket. Certainly not. What boy has not played both without any injury to his morals and with great benefit physically. If because certain games are utilized by gamblers we were to abandon them, boating, billiards, cricket, baseball, lacrosse, horse-trots, even the harmless lawn tennis would have to be put on the black list. The chief thing to do is not to pass resolutions as to what amusements are harmful and which ones are permissable, but in the pulpit and press, in every day life and by careful example, to so educate the people that they will not desire objectionable excitements or hanker for improper companionship. It is just as improper to let young people go out nights unattended, and unlooked after when their ostensible destination is a revival meeting as it would be if it were a dance at the house of a neighbor. The circumstances surrounding everything we do, the companionship into which we are thrown, the way in which we wander into temptation, have much more to do with the propriety or impropriety of any line of action than the abstract thing itself.

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The Rev. President Grant's able speech at the Imperial Federation meeting in Hamilton, though in a thoroughly loyal and hopeful key, is but another proof that we are not satisfied with our present relations to the great world of nations. It is but the expression of that section of the disaffected who believe that our little troubles would disappear in the great questions of a vast empire. But some feel that it is degrading to be colonials; others, that our fortune lies in the direction of closer union with the Republic to the south of us; still others urge that Independence is our future—that we are old enough to strike out for ourselves; that the birds which never leave the home nest will never learn to fly.

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We, as Canadians, are not unhappy or lacking in prosperity under existing conditions. Why is it that English-speaking Canada is universally canvassing the various opportunities of change which appear to offer? Our national debt truly is great, and threatens to become oppressive; but it is not great in proportion to the public works we have undertaken, nor in comparison with the debts of other countries. Even if our national future were much more clouded by debt than it is, it affords us no reason for the present agitation and anxiety. History does not record a nation whose extravagance led to rebellion or national effacement before the pinch of want, the calamity of being penniless and in danger, had made itself felt, and this point with us has certainly not arrived. Debt may make an individual uneasy and anxious, but he seldom despairs until the mortgage is foreclosed and the sheriff in possession. Nations unfor-

A COOL RETREAT.

tunately regard the public debt as too far off, too intangible and indirect to cause trouble. Possibly they may think their children or their children's children may be embarrassed by it, but of themselves and their inability to pay! never a thought. If they thought of it more, national extravagance and reckless governments would be the exception instead of the rule.

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Is it because our politicians have become so corrupt and venal that we have doubts of being able to work out our future on present lines? Hardly! Canadians are self-reliant and apt to be boastful that we are better than our neighbors, especially that we are not as those miserable republicans across the line are! We must acknowledge that these are not the reasons, and there is no Canadian worthy of the name who doubts the greatness of our natural resources or the energy and opportunities of our people both by land and sea.

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When we discuss the possibility of Independence we hear the opponents of such an ambition tell us that we are too small a people in numbers to think of such a thing, yet the thirteen colonies had but half of our population when they wrested their liberty from the then and the now greatest nation of the world. True they had no nation of sixty millions at their side threatening to absorb them, but they had Canada on one side and oddposts of France and Spain on the other willing and ready to undertake a war of conquest or reconquest. Opponents of Independence also tell us that we are too poor to support an army and navy, but we are richer than Mexico, have better and braver men, and a more advantageous position, together with every probability of continuing to have England as an ally instead of a mother. Such arguments are too easily answered to deserve consideration, and it is also evident from our customs tariff that no sentimental objections deter us from advancing our commercial prosperity even at Great Britain's expense. What then is the final and unanswerable argument against independence. That the peoples—*peoples* mark you—of Canada could not live together in harmony even if interprovincial jealousies could be long enough forgotten to enable us to organize on an independent national basis. I esteem the first step impossible under existing conditions. Ontario and Quebec—to say nothing of the other provinces and their jealousies—could never agree on a workable constitution. Ontario is now too thoroughly alive to the dangers of the B. N. A. Act to ever consent to the re-enactment of any similar instrument of government; Quebec would submit to nothing less favorable to the aggressive schemes of her church and nationality!

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It is at this point we confront the phalanxes which threaten our future, no matter what our private opinion of that future may be. Annexation must be considered a moral impossibility, it is repugnant to every true Canadian, it would be a scandal in the history of nations, but it finds the majority of its friends in the Dominion, not because it would enrich—certainly not because it would ennoble—Canada, but because it apparently offers the only means of swamping the French language and curbing the French Canadian papacy. I have heard many intelligent and otherwise loyal and patriotic Canadians declare this as their reason for being Annexationists. Indeed I have in my mind numerous Orangemen, sworn to be loyal to the Queen, who have privately confessed to the same thing, because the American Constitution prohibits what we permit in a connection between Church and State, and in a nation of seventy millions the French-Canadians would be unable to exert the influence which they wield in Canada with its five millions. Does not this annexation argument contain a phase of danger which by some means should be averted?

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I am in sympathy with Imperial Federation because I believe that such a course promises us our brightest, most glorious and most prosperous future. I know that many are opposed to the idea because they imagine Canada would be absorbed in the British Empire and lose her autonomy and national characteristics. If I thought such a danger existed I would be utterly and unalterably opposed to Imperial Federation. I favor it because the sentiment of love for the Motherland and her glorious history, in which we have no mean part, is attractive and ennobling; I favor it because the region of our commercial future is encircled by the British flag; because I believe, no matter what may be said against it nor how many may declare it impossible, that Great Britain and what are now her colonies will yet be surrounded by a tariff which will give a great advantage to the colonies and be of advantage to Great Britain. With a discriminatory tariff in Great Britain of ten cents a bushel on wheat, a cent a pound on beef and cheese, Canada and Britain's colonies would have the first chance of feeding the millions of England and our prairies would soon swarm with the emigrants who now pass us by. But already French Canada has declared its bitter opposition to the idea. Why? For the same reason that we would be unable to frame a workable constitution for an independent nation: because they fear the special privileges of their language, race and church would be interfered with. On the other hand, when we ask the leaders of the Imperial Federation movement how they hope to obtain the consent of French Canada to Imperial Federation, you hear the answer that as soon as Annexation or Independence becomes sufficiently strong, the hierarchy will accept Imperial Federation as preferable to either, because under it they will have a greater chance of retaining their present privileges than with either of the other two. That is to say, the French Canadians will be forced to accept it as the lesser evil to them, not because it will be the greater good to the whole country. Surely this is an unpatriotic answer; it may be an argument in favor of Imperial Federation with some, but if such a scheme includes the perpetuation of the greatest of Canadian evils, it would not be attractive to me.

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French Canada is opposed to Independence, Imperial Federation and Annexation because they all threaten the privileges which are more worshipped than progressiveness or national prosperity. "Stay as we are" suits them best. Why? Because they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a change. But should it not alarm those opposed to the supremacy of the French tongue and French Canadian papacy to know that our present condition is most favorable to the designs of those who are French Canadians first, last and always? Is it not imperative, if Anglicism, instead of Gallicism, is to prevail that we change either our inward or outward relations?

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Until we are at peace among ourselves, Imperial Federation, unless it contain some promise of providing the safety and peace which we lack, can make little progress. Our unrest is caused by a fear that we are likely to have trouble. The scheme which offers safety from French Canadian aggression is what we want now, and until we get it I am afraid people will not devote much time to considering that which is beyond the near future in which we are so much concerned.

DON.

Society.

Mr. J. W. Platten, now of the Erie Railway, New York, formerly accountant of the Central Bank here, is to be married on June 5, at seven in the evening, in the German Church on Bond street, to Miss Annie C. Bender, a granddaughter of Theodore A. Heintzman. Miss Bender is an exceedingly pretty and accomplished lady, and "Jack" Platten's friends are all congratulating him.

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It is with pleasure that the many friends of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Church, New York, hear of his convalescence after his recent severe illness. Dr. Rainsford was taken ill while attending his Bible class on Ash Wednesday. His illness was simply the result of overwork. It is said that he will return from California in about a week and will spend the summer on a fishing trip around Restigouche, New Brunswick, returning to his church in the fall.

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A charming tea was given at Mrs. Arthur Grasett's, Simcoe street, Tuesday afternoon. The hostess looked very pretty in a light colored dress, as also did her daughter. Among those present I noticed Mrs. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, the Misses Green, Marjorie Campbell, Heward, Brough, Small, Boulton, Dumoulin, Hagarty, Dawson, Wragge and McInnes; Messrs. Bolton, Small, W. B. Bridgeman, Simpson, Dumoulin, Strathy, Rev. Mr. Farthing, Prof. Boys and Capt. Wise.

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The review in the Park was quite an event last Sunday. Society was there in its best clothes to do honor to the troops, and the pretty girls looked all the prettier in their fresh spring costumes. Mrs. Greville Harston, who has but lately returned from England, looked well in a charming gown and bonnet to match, and the many friends of Captain Harston were rejoiced to see him "on the field" once more.

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Early last week the Willing Workers of St. Luke's gave a most enjoyable entertainment in the Victoria Hall. The chief item of the evening's programme was Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, in which each of the figures represented a character from the works of the immortal Dickens. The Marchioness with a pack of dirty cards looked very pretty and pathetic.

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Last Wednesday, Mrs. Donaldson of Dundas street entertained a few friends in the evening.

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A pleasant little picnic—one of the first this season—to the Humber took place yesterday week. Miss Maude Upton and Miss Lilian Blair issued the invitations, and deserve some credit for the success of their undertaking. For myself, I think picnics in May are premature.

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The Misses Waldee of Beverley street, who left in the early spring for Europe, write charming accounts of travels from across the seas.

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One hears also news of the continental travels of Mr. Richard O'Brien and his fascinating wife.

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Torontonians will learn with regret that Miss Allie Heward's bright face will be absent from town this summer, as Mr. John Heward is rebuilding his residence on Bloor street, and his family meanwhile will reside at Niagara.

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The engagement of Miss Baby Hawke and Capt. MacDougal is announced.

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Rumor also has it that a young man belonging to "one of the best families" on St. George street is engaged to a pretty girl not known in the world of the elite.

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From Guelph we hear that Miss Marjorie Campbell and the Lieut.-Governor will be present there, at the entertainment given for the benefit of the hospital, on June 6. Does not the Argonaut At Home take place on that day? If so, the members of that club will have to present a petition to Miss Campbell to remain in town to grace their sports.

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Already people are decorating their island homes and talking of crossing the bay. The Misses Scott of Beverley street with their brothers have taken a house there, and they will be a welcome addition to island society this summer.

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Society has missed one of its brightest ornaments lately in the person of Mrs. Harry Ellis, who has not been out, on account of the death of her husband's sister this spring.

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Everyone has been enquiring who was the belle of the Kirmess? Not counting married woman—which of course puts Mrs. Fitzgibbon out of the running—in my humble opinion the palm lay between Miss Allie Bunting and Miss Mabel Heward. But then Miss Francis, in the Spanish dance, was a beauty, and some of the gypsies were very piquante.

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The fourth anniversary of the battle of Batoche was celebrated by the officers of the Royal Grenadiers by a banquet at the Victoria Club on Monday night. Those present were: Lieut.-General Sir Fred Middleton, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., Lieut.-Col. Grasett, Lieut.-Col. Dawson, A.D.C., Majors Harrison, Leacock, M.P.P., 91st Batt., Winnipeg, Mason, Adjutant Manley, Surgeons Grasett, G.G.B.G., Ryerson, Assist.-Surg. King, Capts. Morrow, Howard, J. B. McLean, Davidson, Eliot, Wise, A.D.C., Michie, Sloan, G.G.B.G., J. B. Baldwin, 2nd Regt. Cavalry, Kingsmill, Harston, Trotter, Lieuts. Lowe (acting president of the mess), Gibson (vice president), Mackay, Heward, Cameron, Macdonel, Messrs. R. L. Patterson, M. Mackenzie, B. Cumberland, T. W. Dyas, D. Creighton, M. P. P., D. R. Wilkie, Drs. W. H. B. Aikins and Burns. The guests of the regiment were: The General and his A. D. C., Lieut.-Col. Otter, Lieut-Col. Grasett, ex-Paymaster Kingsmill and Capt. Cumberland. The table was decorated with all the cups recently won at different rifle matches by the regimental team. A splendid evening closed at about eleven o'clock.

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On Friday evening, May 10, the residence of Mr. John Morrison, 528 Jarvis street, was the scene of a large and merry party in honor of the 21st birthday of the eldest son. The large and handsome interior was profusely decorated with flowers, and a magnificent basket of roses, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Leys of London, was admired as the finest thing of the kind ever seen in Toronto. The music and the floor were excellent, and dancing continued late. Following were among those present: Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee and Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Long, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Nairn and the Misses Nairn, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Goodeham and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King, Mr. and Mrs. Akers, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Irish and Miss Chandler, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lamport and Miss Lamport, Mr. and Mrs. Brimer, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. S. Trees, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Morrison and Miss Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry and Miss Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Simpson, the Misses Dixon, Miss Ida Edwards, Miss Cassie Wells, the Misses McCausland, the Misses McDermid, Miss Eakin, Miss M. Burgess, Miss Gale, Miss Woodbridge, Miss Crawford, Miss Ida Walker, the Misses Wilkes, Miss Lownsbrough, Miss Hughes, Miss Walker, Miss Trow, Mr. W. A. Lamport, Messrs. W. C. and L. T. Carlisle, Mr. G. Boyd, Messrs. E. J. and H. L. Boyes, Mr. John Nairn, Mr. A. C. Fairweather, Mr. S. R. Clarke, Mr. A. H. Cassels, Mr. F. W. Garvin, Mr. Joe Hughes, Dr. C. F. Moore, Mr. R. S. Cassels, Mr. J. A. Garvin, Mr. R. Burgess, Mr. W. Johnston, jr., Mr. W. Gale, Mr. Robert Walker, Mr. R. L. Fraser, Mr. S. W. McKeown, Mr. H. R. Walker, Dr. J. L. Davidson, Mr. Norman Smith, Mr. F. W. Hudson, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. Thomas Lownsbrough, Mr. C. A. Tubby, Mr. James S. Garvin, Mr. J. King.

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On Tuesday morning a very pretty wedding took place in the old Church of St. John at York Mills, when Mr. Arthur F. Banks of Toronto was married to Miss Fanny Osler, daughter of Rev. Canon Osler, rector of St. John's. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. Conway Cartwright. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Henry Osler and was attended by Miss Emma Osler, her sister, Miss Ethel Banks and Master Beecroft Lacon, a little niece and nephew of the groom. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Geo. W. Banks. The bride wore a becoming traveling costume of dark green faille, with a pink satin vest and trimmed with steel passementerie, and a neat little bonnet trimmed with pink flowers. She carried a bouquet of Marechal Niel roses.

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Mrs. Harry Osler of Cobourg presided at the organ and, before the ceremony, played the bridal music from Lohengrin, and after it Mendelssohn's wedding march. The church was beautiful with garlands and wreaths of wild flowers gathered in the neighboring woods by the school children, who, as the bridal party left the church, showered down apple blossoms upon them from the organ loft above.

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The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the rectory. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Beecroft Lacon, Mrs. and the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Howson, Mrs. Featherston Osler and Miss Osler, Mrs. George Bethune, Miss Darling, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. C. Norrie, Miss Francis and Mrs. Horace Thorne. Mr. and Mrs. Banks will visit Niagara, Buffalo, Rochester, Montreal and Ottawa on their bridal tour.

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Mrs. Hirschfelder's At Home takes place this afternoon, not last Saturday, as mentioned by mistake, and judging from the number of cards issued there will be quite a crowd.

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Mrs. George Lillie of Sherbourne street left last Monday for Leipsic, where her daughter Allie has been studying. Mrs. Lillie is accompanied by Miss Millie Smith of Wellesley street.

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Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Middleton has been the guest of Lieut.-Col. Dawson, A.D.C., for the past week.

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Mr. Todd and family returned from Bermuda last week where they have spent the winter and will spend the summer at their house on the Island.

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The ball to be given by Mrs. Alex. Cameron of Church and Carlton streets on May 25 promises to be a grand affair, and is eagerly looked for after the period of dulness which has marked these last two months, and as it will no doubt be the last ball given before next fall or winter it will be taken advantage of by those who have received invitations.

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The At Home given by Lady Wilson last week was largely attended, and was, as they usually are, a great success.

*

The Imperial Federationists are interesting the ladies in their campaign, and a week ago Tuesday a meeting was held at Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy's where the following ladies listened to addresses by Messrs. Granville Cunningham, Castell Hopkins and G. T. Blackstock: Mrs. J. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Granville Cunningham, Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mrs. Featherston Osler, Miss Osler, Miss Small, Mrs. John A. Macdonell, Miss Darling, Miss Shanly, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon, "Faith Fenton," Miss Forlong, Mrs. James Murray, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Fred Denison, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Miss Florence Boulton, Miss Helen Boulton, Miss Laura Boulton, Mrs. Law, Miss Burton, Miss L. G. Burton, Mrs. Ogden, Miss Augusta Robinson, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy. The ladies were much interested, and we may expect fair canvassers to solicit our subscription and influence in the cause of Imperial Federation. Ladies who desire to join in the League work should send their names to Commander Frederick C. Law, R. N., Hon. Sec.-Treas., 9 King street west.

*

Principal Grant will be the guest of Rev. G. M. Milligan while in the city, and will preach in old St. Andrew's Church, Sunday morning, May 19, at eleven o'clock.

Personal.

Mr. James Stoddart, assistant superintendent of the carriers in the Toronto Post Office, left on Wednesday for a three months' trip to Edinburgh, Scotland.

Mr. W. R. Strickland of Strickland & Symons, architects, with family, sailed by the Parisian on May 15, for England. Mr. Strickland returns in July.

Mr. J. H. Walshe, manager of the Ludwig Concert Company, has been in the city this week, and has had a reunion with his old friend and class mate, Rev. Father Jeffcott of Orangeville.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Brantford, which has been to all intents and purposes dead and buried for the last eight weeks, is beginning once more to show signs of life. Probably the warm weather lately has had something to do with the resurrection.

The Tennis Club has had a number of new members added to its list and on Friday, May 24, the formal opening for the season will take place.

The Canoe Club has built a large and convenient boat house, which now contains about forty canoes, a number of them being new this season, with the prospect of several more being added. A regatta will be held some time in August, and some of the Toronto canoeists have declared their intention of attending it. If so I can warn them that any prizes they may carry off will not be easily won.

There have been several pleasant picnic parties on the river during the last couple of weeks, and all have returned laden with wild flowers and enthusiastic about the beauty of the country in its spring freshness.

A party of eight gentlemen consisting of Mr. J. Y. Morton, Capt. Will Jones, Mr. L. E. Blackwell, Capt. W. A. Wallace, Capt. Christie, Mr. H. Wickstead, Capt. McClintoch and Mr. Frank Wade of Toronto, with their canoes, went to Elora last Friday for their usual spring canoe trip from that place to Brantford. They report a delightful time and arrived home with the extreme brilliancy of complexion that a week spent in the water is apt to impart, and have since appeared copiously anointed with cold cream and vaseline.

Mrs. H. Lemmon gave a very pleasant party last Monday evening to a number of her friends.

BARRIE.

Mrs. George J. Mason of Harr Hall gave an At Home Tuesday evening, May 7. It was a perfect success in every respect. Mrs. Mason was assisted by the Misses Mason in receiving and entertaining their guests. The drawing room was used for dancing, and the floor being fearfully waxed, was all that could be desired. Flowers and plants added greatly in giving a bright and pretty effect. The verandah, being enclosed, was tastefully draped, and lighted with Chinese lanterns, and at the entrance flags were artistically festooned. The grounds presented a very gay appearance, and were a favorite resort during the evening. Regarding the supper it is sufficient to say that it did great credit to the caterer. Among those present were Mr. Andros, Captain Whish, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. Daniel Spry, Mrs. J. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Allan Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Heron, Mrs. Gildden of New York, Mr. and Mrs. B. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. Makid, Miss Foster, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Kortright, Miss Grace Campbell, Mr. Percy Kortright, Miss Hewett, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Ralph Andros, Miss Stewart, Mr. S. Boys, Mr. W. D. B. Spry and Miss Spry, Miss K. Boys, Mr. Frank Hornsby and Miss Hornsby, Mr. C. A. Gifford of Toronto, Dr. Ross, Mr. Fred Lount of Bradford, Miss Schreiber, Miss Taylor of Bradford, Mr. B. Shreiber, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss Holmes, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. Charles Ardagh, Mr. E. Mitchell, the Misses Baker, Mr. A. Dymond and Miss Dyment, Mr. R. Gillett, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. R. H. Mason of Toronto, Mr. Eeten, Mr. A. W. Giles, Mr. T. Baker, Mr. Leefe, Miss E. Jackson, the Misses Stevenson, Mr. G. Crease, Mr. E. Rogerson, Mr. Fred Crease and others. Some of the dresses worn were very handsome and much admired. Dancing was kept up until after 2 a.m.

Mrs. B. Nicholson of Cosynook gave an afternoon tea for a number of young people last week.

OCULAIRE.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. T. G. A. Wright, '85, of Creemore, paid a visit to his alma mater on Monday.

*

Among the visitors at Trinity this week were Rev. J. Fletcher of Palermo and Rev. C. H. Short of Woodbridge, both graduates of Trinity.

*

The semi-annual meeting of the Corporation was held on Wednesday afternoon, at which a good deal of important business was transacted. The occasion brought together a number of the most prominent of Trinity men, among whom I noticed Mr. Barlow Cumberland and Rev. W. B. Carey of Kingston, the newly-elected members, who were present for the first time.

*

J. S. Broughall, '87, the new fellow in classics, who has been post-graduating at Johns Hopkins University returns to Toronto shortly. The end of this month will see him at his old post behind the wickets, which he was wont to guard so tenderly and effectually.

*

This afternoon Trinity Cricket Club plays Rosedale on the college grounds, and as Rosedale possesses a very fair eleven an interesting match may be expected.

*

I hear that one of Trinity's tennis courts has been placed at the disposal of the young ladies of St. Hilda's, so that any afternoon will see them indulging in this favorite pastime.

ERYX.

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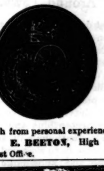

Only those, which from personal experience I know to be fine timekeepers. E. BEETON, High Grade Watch Specialist, 296 Post Office.

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WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Fashion a Hard Mistress.

"You may think it an easy thing to be a fashionable girl," commented one of them recently, "but I can assure you it is a greatness which has its penalties. Fashion is inexorable and omnipresent. There is a rule for almost every moment of existence *a la mode*.

"Take the afternoon drive, for instance. The fashionable girl conforms constantly to accepted customs in such exercise. Having taken her position and adjusted her toilet with great care, she tilts her parasol at the proper angle and is driven off. This attitude of studied languor must not be disturbed. It is not good form to turn your head or look about you *en route*. A runaway dashing by your carriage would hardly justify a look behind. Stiffly stolid is the watchword of polite society on wheels, and the fashionable coachman ably aids and abets his mistress to preserve the correct demeanor. When she has driven enough a touch of her carriage bell signifies her desire to return, whereupon the statue on the box holds his whip straight up like a musket and wheels his horses about, levelling the lash again when they are headed homeward.

"And of course there is a fashionable way to leave the carriage. You must never lean forward getting your head out first. The properly trained woman retains her seat till one foot is above the carriage step, then, slightly rising, sinks her weight upon it and glides easily and gracefully to the curb.

"And besides the fixed laws," went on the tailor-made, "there are a thousand and one little ways to do things, from thrusting your gloves into your glass at dinner when you don't want wine to using your lorgnette with just the proper ease when you are not a bit near-sighted, which change constantly. The fashionable walk is different every season. I can tell in a moment just how much a girl is in the swim by watching her gait. You remember the Alexandra limp of a few seasons ago? I was not out then, but I know my elder sister had one of her boot heels made considerably higher than the other to give her the proper lop as she stepped. There is a varying and distinct fashionable intonation to your voice, the way you carry your muff, your parasol, or your umbrella, the tilt of the head in recognizing an acquaintance—why I believe there is a fashionable way to sleep.

"You wouldn't believe it, but this," and one pretty plump hand crept a little up the forearm of its fellow, hiding the tips of the tapering fingers under the lace of the slightly flowing sleeve, "just now is the swell way to hold your hands while talking, you know, and they are ungloved. A little while ago we clasped them loosely in our laps *a la* Evangeline, and a little before that it was swell to finger one button of your corsage with the left hand.

"You would be surprised, too, at the way these little caprices are started. Not long ago half the girls at the opera were holding one hand, the right, up to their heads as if to shade the eye. That came about in this wise: A rich girl and quite a leader has a defective right hand. She was injured when a child. Ungloved she always keeps her hand out of sight: but gloved the defect is not only hidden, but rather heightens the slim, pretty look, and she used to sit in her box at the opera with her hand on exhibition up, lightly touching her temple. Other girls discovered and imitated her example, and soon it was a widespread custom. Oh, we really are dreadfully absurd—but then we are fashionable.

"What is really exhausting, however, is what I call the mental fashion. Such belong to the changeable ones, too. Fashionable knowledge is quite unlike any other—don't smile, please—it is so spasmodic. Sometimes it is art that you have to know all about, or enough about to conceal your ignorance; sometimes it is orchids; sometimes it is old bronzes; always something different. You have to skim through the last novel; be up in every fresh collection of paintings exhibited. Oh, I tell you it is fatiguing to keep up with the procession.

"I was positively glad of Lent this year, otherwise I don't see how I could have got creditably through this inauguration centennial. Why, I have spent hours over my history the last fortnight, and had the children's governess coach me besides. It is such a catalogue of events, such long drawn agony, that it was really a tax to master it all. But I have, and got a lovely toilet for the ball besides, everything of unassailable antiquity, too; so now I shall be clothed mentally and physically with perfect colonial accuracy."—*New York Sun.*

The Japanese Girl's Pretty Eyes.

The connoisseur of feminine beauty will find the field of his observations very limited in Japan in comparison with Europe or America, for he will not have a choice between mild blonde, roguish brune, or sparkling brunette; or of gray, sea-green, forget-me-not or dark blue, or dark eyes. The hair is all naturally very dark brown and black, and appears very black indeed from its copious annointing with oil. In eyes, the only choice is between those more or less brown. However, sometimes there are seen, owing to an admixture of foreign blood, especially among the Jabersuien and divers, individuals with light eyes of nondescript color, or dull, apparently lifeless, reddish-brown hair; but these exceptions are rare, and by no means rarely beautiful. Long, narrow eyes, slanting inward, with high-arched, finely-pencilled brows, and a delicate, not too robustly developed figure, are considered signs of patrician descent, consequently beautiful. The longer one remains in a Japanese city the more one's æsthetic ideas become modified; but certainly her eyes, whether straight or oblique, wide or narrow, with their dark sparkling glances and roguish yet modest expression, are the most striking of the Japanese maiden's charms.

Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Recipe for Cleaning Glass, Silver, Nickle and Tinware.

Three ounces washing soda, dissolved in one-half pint hot water, add one tablespoonful of ammonia, thicken with whitening and let dry; rub on with damp cloth. Also use Nonsuch stove polish; no labor, no dust. Use Mirror stovepipe varnish; no smell or smoke. Manufactured by the Nonsuch Stove Polish Co., London, Ont.

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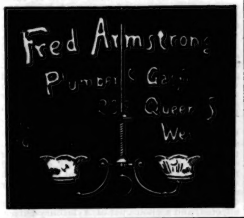

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GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF MANTLES
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LADIES, come and see for yourselves—note reductions. THIS IS A GENUINE CLEARING SALE, no humbug.
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ALL-WOOL HENRIETTAS—Latest Shades,
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CHAPTER XIX.

"Rain hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose."

That ghastly idea mooted by Cuthbert Ramsay haunted Theodore, the idea of an unsatisfied hatred still hovering like a bird of prey over the heads of Juanita and her child, ready to make its deadly swoop in the hour that should see her most helpless and unprotected—a malignity for ever on the watch, a vengeance not sated but only whetted. The horror of this possibility gave a new impetus to Theodore's mind, and he set himself again to the apparently hopeless endeavour to find the motive of the murder and the person of the murderer.

As an initial step he invited Mr. Churton to dine with him at his chambers, entertained that gentleman with a well-chosen little dinner, sent in from a famous tavern in the Strand, and a bottle of unexceptionable wine after dinner; and by this innocent means got the detective into an expansive frame of mind, and induced him to discuss the Cheriton murder in all its bearings.

The result of the long evening's talk differed in hardly any point from what it was when Mr. Churton had formulated at Cheriton. The motive of the murder must be looked for in some past wrong, or fancied wrong, inflicted upon the murderer. It was a kind of murder familiar enough among Celtic nations, but very uncommon in England. And again Mr. Churton returned to his point that there was a woman at the bottom of it.

"Do you mean that a woman fired the shot?" he doubtfully not. I mean that a woman was the motive power. Women are not given to avenging their wrongs with their own hands. They will instigate the men who love them to desperate crimes—unconsciously perhaps—for they are the first to howl when the crime has been committed, and the lover's neck is in danger. But jealousy is the strongest motive factor of all, and I take it jealousy was at the bottom of the Cheriton crime—some intrigue of Sir Godfrey's youth."

"Strange as you may consider such a belief, Mr. Churton, I am inclined to think that Sir Godfrey's youth was innocent of intrigues—that he never loved any woman except my cousin, whom he adored from the time he was eighteen, when she was a lovely child of eleven. Ours was a very romantic attachment, and the kind of attachment which keeps a man out of danger from low temptations.

"You and Lord Cheriton tell me the same story, sir," said the detective, with a touch of impatience; "but if this immaculate young man never injured anybody, how do you account for that bullet?"

"It is unaccountable, except upon a far-fetched hypothesis."

"What may that be?"

"That the act of vengeance—though striking Godfrey Carmichael—was aimed at Lord Cheriton—that the blow was meant to drain his daughter's life, and by ricochet strike him to the heart. I think we have spoken of this possibility before to-night."

After that evening with Churton, Theodore made up his mind that there was no assistance to be looked for from this quarter. The detective had exhausted his resources of investigation, and had nothing further to suggest. He was too practical a man to waste time or thought upon speculative theories. Theodore saw, therefore, that if he were to pursue the subject further he must think and work for himself.

After considering the question from every possible point of view, he decided that he was established in the idea that Godfrey Carmichael had been the scapegoat of another man's sin, the vicarious victim suffering for the sin of some at a guilty life. Of his youth it was easy to know all that there was to be known. He had lived in the sight of his fellow men, a young man of much social importance to be able to hide any youthful indiscretions or wrongdoing. But what of the earlier and more remote life? What of the early struggles and self-made man? What of the history of James Dalbrook in those long years of bachelor life in London, when he was slowly working his way to the front? Might not there have been some hidden sin in that life, some sin dark enough to awaken a sleepless vengeance, a malignity which should descend upon him in the day of peace and prosperity like a thunderbolt from a clear and quiet sky?

A man who marries at forty years of age has generally some kind of history before his marriage; and it was in that history Theodore told himself he must look for a clue to the mystery of Godfrey Carmichael's death. He was loyal to his kinsman and his friend; he was inspired by no prurient curiosity, no petty desire to belittle the great man's fame, he was prompted solely by his desire to unearth the secret foe, to provide for the safety of Juanita's future life, to save that beloved head from the horror of the impending sword.

Meditating upon his past intercourse with Lord Cheriton, and upon every familiar conversation which he was able to recall, he was surprised to find how very little his kinsman had ever related of his London life, before the time when he took silk and married a rich wife. His allusions to that earlier period has been of the briefest. He had shown none of that egotistical pleasure which most successful men feel in talking of their struggles, and the rosy dawn of fame, those first triumphs, small perhaps in themselves, but the after taste of which is sweeter in the memory than the large victories of the flood tide. He had never talked of any affairs of the heart, any of those lighter flirtations and unfinished romances which most men love to recall. His history, so far as it could be judged by his conversation, had been a blank.

"Either the man must have been a legal machine, a cold, passionless piece of human clay, caring for nothing but professional achievement, in those eighteen years of manhood between his call to the Bar and his marriage, or he had lived a life which he could not afford to talk about. He was rich enough, and clever than his fellowmen, or he had a hidden history.

Now, as it was hardly possible that James Dalbrook, judged from either a psychological or a physiological standpoint, could have been dull and cold, and plodding, and passionless, at any period of his career, there remained the inference that he had a secret history.

Living under the very roof that had sheltered his cousin in the greater part of his professional career, Theodore Dalbrook arrived at a strange conclusion. What kind of a life had he lived, that young barrister, briefless and friendless at the outset, whose name was eventually to become a power, a weight bringing down the scale heavily on the side of victory, just as Archer's riding was supposed to secure the winning of a race. How had he lived in those early years, when the fight was all before him? What friends had he made for himself, and what enemies? What love, or what hate, had agitated his existence?

The investigator could only approach the question in the most common-place manner. It was nearly a quarter of a century since James Dalbrook had been a tenant of that ground-floor set, above which Theodore was pacing up and down in the summer dusk. He had to find someone who remembered him at that time.

It would not be his present laundress, a buxom matron of five-and-thirty, who had never been known to any present inhabitant of Ferret Court without the incumbrance of a baby in arms, or a baby at the breast. As fast as one baby was disposed of, there was another coming forward to take its place. She always brought her baby with her, and laid it down in obscure corners, like an umbrella. It was always of the order of infant designated good; that is to say it was not a squalling baby. There were rumors of Mrs. Armstrong's clients who suspected her of keeping it in a semi-narcotised condition in the interests of her profession; but when this practice was hinted at the matron referred to the necessities of teething, and hoped she did not require to be reminded of her duty as a mother.

This good woman brought in the lighted lamp, while Theodore was pacing up and down the narrow limits of his sitting room. She placed the lamp on the table, inquired whether he had dined, the employer, and then retired, only to return with the tea-tray, which she arranged lingeringly, in the hope of a conversation with an active intellect, and it irked her to leave the room without any scrap of conversation, were it only an inquiry about the postman, or a casual remark upon the weather.

Nothing being forthcoming from Mr. Dalbrook, she withdrew to the door, but paused upon the threshold, and dropped her voice to say, "I'm afraid we are going to have a storm to-night, sir," she said.

Dalbrook, in the agitation of the moment, inspired by her ardent desire to talk.

"Do you think so, Mrs. Armstrong?"

"I do, indeed, sir. It would be that 'eavy if there wasn't thunder in the air."

"Perhaps not," replied Theodore indifferently.

"Ah! by the way, how long have you looked after these chambers?"

"From three years before I was married, sir."

"Is that long?"

"Lor', yes, sir! I should think it was. Why, my Joseph was thirteen on his last birthday."

"Let me see; that would mean about seventeen years, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I suppose you knew nothing about the chambers before that time?"

"I wouldn't say that, sir. I've known them more or less ever since I could run alone. Mother looked after them before me. It was only when the chemistry took such firm hold of her—this was as if Theodore were thoroughly posted in the case—" that mother gave up. She had done for the gentlemen in this house for over twenty years. Though she married father she never thought to have to do such work as this, he being a master carpenter and cabinet maker with a nice business—and she'd been brought up different, and had more education than any of us ever had."

"Then your mother must have known this house when Mr. James Dalbrook had the ground floor—the Mr. Dalbrook who is now Lord Cheriton," said Theodore, cutting short this biographical letter.

"I should think she did, sir. Many's the time I've heard her talk of him. He was just like you, sir, in his ways, as far as I can gather—very quiet and very studious. She waited upon him for nearly twelve years, so she ought to know his habits and character."

"I should like to have a chat with your mother some of these days, Mrs. Armstrong."

"Could you, sir? I'm sure she'd be delighted. She loves talking of old times. She's none of your Radicals, that are all for changing things, like my husband. She looks up to her superiors, and she feels quite proud of having done for Lord Cheriton when he was just like any other young gentleman in Ferret Court. Any time you'd like to come round to our place, sir, mother would be happy to see you. She'd be glad to wait upon you, but she's crippled with the rheumatics, and it's as much as she can do get upstairs of a night and downstairs of a morning."

"I'll call upon her to morrow afternoon, if that will be convenient to her."

"No fear of that, sir. Shall I look round at four o'clock and show you where she lives, sir? It's not above five minutes' walk."

"If you please. I shall be very much obliged."

Gadbolt's lane was one of the obscurest alleys between the Temple and St. Bride's Church, but it was so well known in the locality as if it had been Regent street. Thither Mrs. Armstrong conducted her employer on a sultry June afternoon, and showed him with her own private key into one of the narrowest houses he had ever seen, a house of three stories, with one window in each story, and with a tiny street door squeezed in between the parlor window and the next house, a house which, if it had stood alone, would have been a shower. Upon the narrow street door appeared a wide brass plate inscribed with the name of J. W. Armstrong, plumber, and in the fore-ground of the parlor window were exhibited various indications of the plumbing trade. On a smaller brass plate just below the knocker appeared the modest legend, "Miss Mobley, Ladies' own materials made up."

The little parlor behind the plumber's emblems was very close and stuffy upon this midsummer afternoon, and Theodore's complaint necessitated a fire in season and out of season; but it was also spotlessly clean, and comfortable enough, with its cozy corners with extra care for an afternoon tea of an especially delicate character, with a rack of such thin, dry toast as Mrs. Armstrong's employer affected, and a choice pot of Gunpowder tinter, set forth upon the whitest of tablecloths, and flanked by a glass jar of jam, glass of that ornate character which dazzles the purchaser into comparative indifference as to the quality of the jam; just as admiring man, caught by the glitter in the mouth of a trap, has to the lack of more lasting charms in the way of temper and character.

"Mo'her thought perhaps you'd honor her by taking a cup of tea this afternoon, sir," said Mrs. Armstrong, when Theodore had seated himself in the chair of honor opposite the hearth. "and there's one can bake your little talk over old times while I look after Armstrong's supper. He'll eat any thi' I choose to give him for his dinner, and he's a man that's got no dinner at all, but he always looks for something tasty for supper, don't he, mother?"

Mrs. Duggett acknowledged this trait in her son-in-law's character, and Theodore having graciously accepted her hospitality, Mrs. Armstrong poured out the tea, and waited upon the distinguished visitor, but she was dense enough to withdraw to her domestic duties. She was visible in front of the window five minutes afterwards, stitching at a pair of trousers for her arm, evidently in quest of the something tasty that was needful to her husband's well-being.

"Your daughter tells me that you remember my cousin, Lord Cheriton, when he was Mr. Dalbrook," said Theodore, when he and the old woman were alone together, except for the presence of a very familiar black cat, which pushed its damp, cold nose into Theodore's hand, and rubbed his sleek fur against Theodore's legs, with an air of slavish adulation.

"It isn't everybody that Tom takes to," said Mrs. Duggett, touched by her favorite's conduct. "He's a rare judge of character, is Tom. I've had him about me for a dozen years before him. Yes, sir, I ought to remember his lordship, seeing that I waited upon him for twelve years, and a quiet gentleman he was to attend upon, giving next to no trouble, and never using bad language, or coming home the worse for drink, as I've known a gentleman behave in that very set."

"Did he live in his chambers all that time?"

"Well, sir, nominally he did, but actually he didn't. He had his bedroom and his back room, just as you have; and the rooms was furnished pretty comfortable, and everything about them was very neat, for he was uncommonly particular, was Mr. Dalbrook; and he was always there of a day, and all day long, except when he was at the law courts, for there never was a more persevering gentleman. But after the first three years I can't say that he lived in Ferret Court. He came there by nine or ten o'clock every morning; and sometimes he stayed till ten o'clock at night, and sometimes he left as early as five in the afternoon; but he didn't live there no more after the third year, when he was beginning to get on a bit. There was his meals, you see, they'd to be altered, except that he took away his dressing-case and a good many of his clothes; but there was something left that he wanted in the toilet, and all in apple-pie order for him to fall back upon his old ways at any time. Only, as I said before, he didn't live there no longer; and instead of having his dinner in his own room at seven o'clock, he never took anything more than a biscuit and a glass of sherry, or a brandy-and-soda."

"Did this change in his habits come about suddenly?"

"Yes, sir, it did; without an hour's warning. I comes to his rooms one morning and finds that his bed hadn't been slept in, and later on in the day he says, 'Be good enough to pack my things, Mrs. Duggett, for I'm leaving for good.' Mrs. Duggett, in the small portmanteau,' I asked him if he was going into the country, and he says, yes, he would be sometimes out of town for a few night; and from that time to the end of my service in Ferret Court, he never spent another night there."

"He had taken lodgings out of town, I conclude? I suppose you knew his other address?"

"No, sir, he never told me where his home was, for of course he must have had a home somewhere. No man would be a waif and stray for all those years—above all, such a quiet, regular, orderly gentleman as Mr. Dalbrook. I've heard other gentlemen accuse him of being a hermit. One never sees you nowhere, they says. 'Well, I'm generally at Old Times,' he says. And so he was; but he was very secret with his steadiness."

"Had you any idea where that second home of his was—in what part of the suburbs? It could not have been very far from London, since you say he came to his chambers before ten o'clock every morning."

"It was oftener nine than ten, sir," said Mrs. Dugget.

She paused a little before replying to his question, watching him with a sly smile as he caressed the obtrusive cat. See had her own notions as to the motive of his curiosity. He had dismissed from Ferret Court his kinsman, and he wanted to discover if there were anything in the background of his kinsman's history which was likely to interfere with the fruition of his mercenary hopes.

"It was a good many years after Mr. Dalbrook left off living in his room that I made a discovery," she said, with a look of triumph, my place too well to take any advantage of that discovery. But still I had my suspicions, and I believe they were near off the mark, sir."

"What was the nature of your discovery!"

"Oh, well, you see, sir, it wasn't much to talk about, only it set me thinking. It was two or three years before Mr. Dalbrook left Ferret Court and went to that first floor set in King's Bench Walk, but he was beginning to get a great man, and he had more work than he could do, slave as hard as he might; and he did slave, I can tell you, sir. His rooms in Ferret Court were very shabby—they hadn't had a bit of paint or a pail of whitewash for I don't know how long, so just before the Long Vacation he says to me, 'I'm going to get these rooms done up, Mrs. Duggett, while I'm out of town, I've got a estimate from a party in Holborn, and he's to paint the walnscote and clear-cole the ceiling, and do the whole thing for nine pound seven and eightpence, in a workmanlike manner. You'll please to clean up the place, and do away with all this waste paper and rubbish, and get everything tidy before November.'

"Mrs. Duggett paused, and refreshed herself with the last cup of tea, and apologized for the obtrusiveness of the cat.

"I hope you don't object to cats, sir.

Theodore smiled, reflecting that any man who objected to cats would have fled from that stuffy parlor before now.

"No, sir, I rather fond of them, as an inferior order of dog. Well, now, as to this discovery of yours, Mrs. Dugget?"

"I'm coming to it as fast as I can, sir. You must understand that there was a lot of waste paper in one of the closets beside the fire-place, and you are aware how roomy those closets in Ferret Court are. I never could bear hurting waste paper, first because it's dangerous with regard to fire, and next because they'll give three shillings a sack for it at the end of the year mills; so I had always emptied the waste paper baskets into this closet, which was made no other use of, and the bottom of the closet was chock-full of old letters, envelopes, pamphlets, and such like. So I took my sack, and I sat down on the floor and filled it. Now, as I was putting in the paper by handfuls—taking my time over it, for the painters wasn't coming till the following Monday, and all my gentlemen was away on their holidays—my eye struck by seeing just a number of envelopes addressed to the same name—

J. Danvers, Esq.,
Myrtle Cottage,
Camberwell Grove.

How did Mr. Dalbrook come to have all those envelopes belonging to Mr. Danvers? There was no letters inside the envelopes, and what business had he with Mr. Danvers' letters?

"They may have been letters bearing upon some case on which he was engaged," said Theodore.

"So they might, sir, but would he have the letters?" asked the laundress shrewdly. "Wouldn't that be the solicitor's business."

"You are right, Mrs. Dugget. I see you have profited by your experience in the Temple."

"I had the curiosity to look at the post-mark on those envelopes, sir. There was over a hundred of 'em, I should think, some whole, and some torn across, and the post-marks told me that they spread over years. That closet hadn't been emptied for more or less years, to my knowledge, and those envelopes went back for the best part of that time, and the longer I looked at them the more I wondered who Mr. Danvers was.

"And did you come to any conclusion at last?"

"Well, sir, I had my own idea about it, but it isn't my place to say what that idea was."

"Come, come, Mrs. Dugget, you have no employer now, and you can speak out to one. You are a free agent, and have a perfect right to give expression to your opinion."

"I thought it would go no further, sir."

"It shall go no further."

"Very well then, sir, to be candid I thought that Mr. James Dalbrook and Mr. Danvers were the same person, and that Mr. Dalbrook had been living in Camberwell Grove under an assumed name."

"You could not have seen a very curious thing for a professional man in Mr. Dalbrook's position to do?" inquired Theodore gravely.

"Well, nothing seems curious to me, but I've seen a good deal of professional gentlemen in my time, and it didn't strike me as very unnatural. Gentlemen have their own reasons for what they do, and the more particular they are from a professional point of view the more convenient they may find it to make a little alteration in their names now and again.

Mrs. Dugget looked at him with a significant shrewdness, which gave her the air of a female Sphinxophelea, a creature deeply versed in all things evil.

"Did your curiosity prompt you to try and verify your suspicions?" he asked.

The old woman looked at him searchingly before she answered, as if trying to discover what value there might be for him in any information she had it in her power to give or to withhold. So far she had been carried along by her inherent love of gossip, stimulated by the wish to stand well with her daughter's employer, and perhaps with a view to such small amenities as a pound of tea or a bottle of whisky. But at this point something in Theodore's earnest manner suggested to her that her knowledge of his kinsman's life might have a marketable value, and she therefore became newly reticent.

"It doesn't become me to talk about a gentleman like Mr. Dalbrook, your namesake and blood relation, too, sir," she said, folding her rheumatic hands meekly. "I'm afraid I've made too free with my tongue already."

Theodore did not answer her immediately. He took a letter case from his breast pocket, and slowly and deliberately extracted two crisp bank-notes from one of the divisions. These he opened and spread calmly and carefully on the table, smoothing out their crisp freshness which crackled under his hand.

There is something very pleasant in the aspect of a new bank-note; money created expressly, as it were, for the benefit of sinner, of wealth, pure and uncontaminated by the dealings of the multitude. These were only five pound notes, it is true, the lowest in the scale of Bohemian money—despicable in the eye of a millionaire—yet to Mrs. Dugget those two notes lying on the table in front of her suggested wealth. She had never seen two notes together in the whole of her previous experience. Her largest payment was a quarter's rent, her largest receipt half a sovereign for a lodger's night. She had managed to save a little money in the course of her laborious days, but her savings had been accumulated in penny and shilling instalments, which had been promptly transferred to the savings bank. Bank notes to her mind were the symbols of Titanic wealth.

"Now, I am not going to beat about the bush, Mrs. Dugget," said Theodore with a matter of fact air. "I am a great respect for my kinsman, Lord Cheriton, who has been a kind friend to me. You may be assured, therefore, that if I am curious about his past life, I mean him no harm. I have reasons for my curiosity, which it is not convenient for me to explain, for wanting to know all about his early struggles, his friends, and his enemies. I feel perfectly sure that you followed up your discovery of those envelopes—that you took the trouble to find Myrtle Cottage, and to ascertain the kind of people who lived there. Your face told him that he was right. "If you choose to be frank with me, and tell me all you can, those two five pound notes are your reward for your service. If you prefer to hold your tongue, I can only wish you good afternoon, and try to make my discovery without your help. It will not be very easy after a lapse of over twenty years."

"I don't want to keep any useful information from you, sir, provided you'll promise not to let anybody know as I've been talking of Cheriton's ears. I shouldn't like to make unhappiness between man and wife."

"I promise that Lord Cheriton shall not be made unhappy by any indiscretion of mine."

"That's all I care about, sir," said Mrs. Dugget, pleasily, and her bright eye upon the bank-note, "and being sure of that, I don't mind owning that I did take the trouble to follow up the address upon the envelope. Now, I'm not a gentleman like Mr. Dalbrook—a gentleman as always pays his way regular, and stands high in his profession—when such a gentleman takes a fancy to his name, you may be sure there's a lady in the case. If you take up a paper, sir, and happen to glance at a divorce case, promiscuous, as I do, sometimes when my son-in-law takes his *Telegraph* or his *Echo* lying about—you'll find that the gentleman who runs away with the lady always changes his name, whether he is married and the lady go to an hotel, or takes lodgings, or go on the Continent—he always takes another name. I don't think he changes name him much good, for wherever he goes people seem to know all about him, and come out with their knowledge in court directly it's wanted—this is meant as if he must always act so, and act so he does."

Theodore submitted to this disquisition in silence, but he felt as if he could have rap with his fingers and made them crackle, by way of stimulus to Mrs. Dugget's intellect.

"I felt sure if Mr. Dalbrook had been living at Camberwell Grove under the name of Danvers there was a lady mixed up in it, and, being as it was, the Long Vacation, when I knew he generally left London, I thought I would try and satisfy myself about him. I thought I would feel more comfortable in waiting upon him when I knew the worst. And then Camberwell Grove was such a little way off. It would be just a nice outing for me of a summer evening; so what did I do one lovely warm afternoon but take along the Strand as I often time was made for slaves, and there was no such things as loop-lines or trains to be caught, I hadn't no train to catch, so I didn't mind the sauntering and the dawdling, and the taking up and setting down. I had all the summer evening before me when I got out at the Green and walked up to the place, you see, I don't know whether you know it, but if you do I'm sure you'll own that there ain't a prettier nook anywhere within a mile of Cross. Years ago they used still to show you the garden where George Barnwell murdered his uncle, but I dare say that's been taken away with by now. It took me a good time to find Myrtle Cottage, for it was one of the smallest houses in the Grove, and it stood back in a pretty little garden, and there was a little gate on the gate to tell if it was Myrtle or otherwise. But I did find it at last, thanks to a young housemaid who was standing at the door talking to a grocer's lad. The grocer's lad made off when he saw me, and for the first few minutes the girl was inclined to be disagreable; but she soon got over very quickly, and I daresay she was glad to have someone to talk to on that solitary summer evening. 'It's quite the prettiest place,' she says, 'and I can't stop in the house alone.' And then we got talking, and after we'd talked a little about the weather and the garden, where there was a long narrow grass plot, screened off from the high road by two horse chestnut trees and some laburnums, and there was some rockwork and a bit of water in the grass, and the young woman asked me to sit down. She'd got her work-basket out there and she'd been sent out to sew, for she can't bear the house of a summer evening,' she says, 'it gives me the horrors.' Well, we talked of her master and mistress, as was natural. She'd lived with them over twelve-month, and it was a pretty good place, but very dull, and the missus had a temper, and was dreadfully particular about everything. She's nice as if she had ten servants instead of two, and was very mean into the bargain, and seemed afraid of her husband, too, in particular, if I was her,' the girl said, and then she told me that she knew things wasn't all right, because of the two-and-twenty hours' leave the same person, and that Mr. Dalbrook had been living in Camberwell Grove under an assumed name."

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Mrs. Dugget looked at him with a significant shrewdness, which gave her the air of a female Sphinxophelea, a creature deeply versed in all things evil.

"Did your curiosity prompt you to try and verify your suspicions?" he asked.

The old woman looked at him searchingly before she answered, as if trying to discover what value there might be for him in any information she had it in her power to give or to withhold. So far she had been carried along by her inherent love of gossip, stimulated by

she bears her life. She hasn't a party gown, even. If anybody asked her to a party she couldn't go. When he took her abroad last month she was all in a flutter and excitement just like a child, or like a prisoner that's going to be let out of prison. She should have had with cook and me when she said good-bye, and that isn't like her. 'I feel so happy, Jane,' she says, 'I don't know what I'm doing.' No more I think she did. She looked quite wild with pleasure, and quite young too in her new bonnet, although she looks older than him." And then the girl told me how fond she was of him, though she showed her temper now and then, even to him. Not often, the girl said, and never without being sorry afterwards, and she would be awake and sob all night long. The girl had heard her, for it was a dumpery little house, though it was pretty to look at, and the walls were very thin. I could see with my own eyes that it wasn't much of a house, a sort of dressed-up cottage, with a veranda, smothered in creepers up to the roof. It looked pretty and countrified after the Temple, and I could understand that Mr. Dalbrook liked living in such a lovely place as Camberwell Grove."

"Did you find out what the lady was like?" asked Theodore.

"Yes, sir, I did; but be sure I tried to do that, sir. How could I help being interested in a lady that had such an influence over one of my gentlemen? I made up my mind that Mr. Danvers was one of the has beens. She had been handsome, perhaps, once upon a time; but she had neither face nor figure now. Her face pale and careworn, and she was very thin. She didn't do anything to set herself off either, like other ladies of five-and-thirty. She wore the same mourning gown every time I met her, and she had only one silk gown in her wardrobe. She was always neat and nice, like a lady; but she looked years and years older than she looked. She told the girl once that she and Mr. Danvers would be better off by and by, and that all things would be different. I'm afraid I'm only waiting for those happier days,' she says; but the girl fancied she would be an old woman before those days came."

"Were there any children?"

"I could not find out for certain. The girl fancied from chance words she had overheard that there had been a baby, but that it had been sent away, and that this was a grievance between them, and came up when they quarrelled, which was not often, as I said before. Altogether I left Camberwell Grove feeling very sorry for the lady who was called Mrs. Danvers, and I thought it was a great pity if Mr. Dalbrook really had fallen in love for himself he couldn't have managed it better. I made great friends with Jane, the housemaid before I left that garden, and I asked her when she had an evening out to come and take a cup of tea with me; and if she could get leave to go to the theater, my youngest son, who was living at home, would take her and her sister with my daughter, who was then unmarried and in service in New Bridge street. The young woman came once, about Christmas time, and she told me things were just the same as they had been at Myrtle Cottage. She talked very freely about Mr. and Mrs. Danvers over her tea, but she had no idea that he was beknown to me, or that he was a barrister with chambers in the Temple. She thought he was something in the city. I asked her if it was Mr. Danvers who was mean and kept his lady short of money; but she thought not. She thought it was Mrs. Danvers who had a habit of making for saving, for she was quite put out if Mr. Danvers brought her home a present that cost half a pound. It seemed as if they were saving up for some purpose—for they used to talk to each other of the money he was putting by, and it was plain they were looking forward to a better time, and a happier time, and the time

and her broken heart to his welfare, and release him of her own accord? There are women capable of such sacrifices. It would seem that his disentanglement, however it came about, had been perfect of its kind; for no murmur of a youthful intrigue, no scandal about a cast-off mistress had ever clouded the married life of James Dalbrook. Even in Cheriton village, where the very smallest nucleus in the way of a report was apt to swell to the dimensions of a gigantic scandal, even at Cheriton nobody had ever hinted at sin or indiscretions in the earlier years of the local magnate.

And then Theodore Dalbrook asked himself the essential question, What bearing, if any, had this episode of his kinsman's life upon the murder of Juanita's husband? What dark and vengeful figure lurked in the background of that common story of dishonorable love—an outraged husband, a brother, a father? That obscure life apart from friends and acquaintances would show that some great wrong had been done, some sacred tie had been broken. Only a sinful union so hides its furtive happiness—only a deep sense of degradation will reconcile a woman to banishment from the society of her own sex.

Whether that forsaken mistress were dead or living there might lurk in her sad history the elements of tragedy, the motive for a ghastly revenge; and on this account the story possessed a grim fascination for Theodore Dalbrook. He lay awake the greater part of the night thinking in a fitful troubled way of that illicit menage in the unfashionable suburb—the suburb whose very existence is unknown to society. He fell asleep long after the sun was up, only to dream confusedly of a strange woman who was now James Dalbrook's lawful wife—and now his victim—and whose face had vague resemblances to other faces, and who was and was not half a dozen other women in succession.

He walked to Camberwell on the following afternoon, surprised at the strange world through which he passed on his way there, the teeming, busy, noisy world—the world which makes such a hard fight for life. The Grove itself, after that bustling, seething road, seemed a place in which nightingales might have warbled, and laughing girls hidden from their lovers in the summer dusk. The very atmosphere of decay from a better state was soothing. There were trees still and gardens, and here and there decent houses; and in a long, narrow garden, between two larger houses, he found Myrtle Cottage. There was a board up, and the neglected garden indicated that the cottage had been a long time without a tenant.

There was a policeman's wife living in it, with a colony of small children, in the cotton-pinafore stage of existence, and with noses dependent upon maternal supervision, so much so that scarcely had the matron attended to one small snub than her attention was called off to another, which gave a distracted air to all her conversation.

She took Mr. Dalbrook over the house, and expatiated upon the damp, and the utter incompetence of the cistern and pipes to meet the exigencies of a family, which was the more to be regretted on the ground that the landlord declined to do anything in the way of repairs, as he intended to surrender the house for immediate demolition at the expiry of his lease.

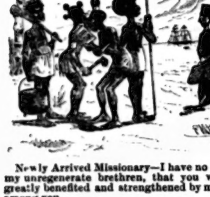
"And indeed that's about all it's fit for," said the policeman's wife. "It ain't fit for anybody to live in."

The rooms had even a more desolate look than rooms in empty houses usually have, in consequence of this long neglect. The cottage had been empty for two years and a half, long enough for the damp to make hideous blotches upon all the walls, and trace discolored maps of imaginary continents upon all the ceilings; long enough for the spiders to weave their webs in all the corners, and for rust to eat deep into the iron grates, and for dust and dirt to obscure every window.

Theodore stood in the room which had once been a drawing room, and which boasted of a long French window looking out upon a lawn, with a large weeping ash directly in front of the window, and much too near for airiness or health, a melancholy-looking tree in which Theodore thought Mrs. Danvers might have found a symbol of her own life, as she stood at the window and looked at those dull colorless branches against a background of ivy-covered wall.

(To be Continued.)

No Doubt of It.



Newly Arrived Missionary—I have no doubt, my unregenerate brethren, that you will be greatly benefited and strengthened by my stay among you.

Chorus of Unregenerate Brethren (with emphasis)—You bet!—*N. Y. Life.*

Then Ag'in——

Jim Bowker, he said, cf he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
A nd the least bit of assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
An' climb the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck; everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrears of fortune they allus 'ad pin him;
So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him,
Jim Bowker, he said,
If he'd had a fair show, you couldn't t-ll where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-climb.
It might have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.
As Jim Bowker, he said,
If it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

Yankee Blade.

A Free Trip.

Citizen (to railroad superintendent)—Can you give me a free trip over your road to Philadelphia?

Superintendent (with great cordiality)—Certainly, my dear sir, certainly; but I must caution you to look out for trains.

Someone Had to Do It.

"Then, my boy, you acknowledge having committed the robbery!"

"Yes, your worship."

"Starting rather early, eh! Why you cannot be over 10 years of age!"

"Tain's how it is, your worship; father is ill, and so I've got to do his work."

My Second Term.

BY FIONN.

Had the quiet and respectable family with whom I had boarded for nearly three weeks but suspected the record and character of the young man whom they declared to be the quietest and the nicest young fellow imaginable, and who, they said, could not have been more respectful to them had they been the greatest ladies in the land—and were they not, in their honesty of purpose and kindness of heart, in the possession of all that makes true nobility, were they not such ladies that such as I had no right to mingle with?—had they but seen that young boarder's life laid bare, I can think how they would have stared. And even now I can look back and say that under the influence of that good and kind woman and her inferior sister, things might have turned out differently with me, and who shall say but that the remembrance of her kindness has been then done much to encourage to my heart in its most trying moments?

During the short time I boarded with her I seemed to have got on the right side of my landlady's heart, but perhaps she was touched by my misfortune and hard luck, and an air of extreme sadness which at times I could not by any means shake off; but she did not know what to me was ever-present, ever blighting every fair vision or hope I allowed myself, in a sanguine mood, now and then to indulge—I had been, was, a convicted thief!

And yet so it was. More my misfortune than my fault, in a moment of weakness I was tempted and fell, and I paid the penalty. Nevertheless I throw recriminations against no one. Of my own free will (for could I not have said "No" then, it seems so easy now!) I myself plunged into the vortex, which as usual quickly and surely dragged me down. Released from the prison of that far-off city in the South, I turned my thoughts to that great city in Canada of which I had heard so much. There I might begin life afresh, where my disgrace and crime were alike unknown, and where, walking by the light of my bitter past experience, I might be able to keep in the straight path. Heaven is my witness that the vows I made to lead a reformed life were true and uttered in earnest, and even now I can say that I have striven truly to keep them—but have I succeeded?

Surely it was the unerring thief's instinct being strong within me that led me, on arriving in Toronto, to seek a boarding house in perhaps one of the most disreputable quarters of the city; my first thoughts were that even here I was to be thrown into the midst of poverty and crime, and yet I almost shunned the thought of seeking lodgings in any respectable and honest family, so determined was I that my disgrace should be pecularly my own; and, in spite of my good intentions for the future, I still feared to pass myself off as an honest man. Fortunately, I did not enter many of the dens, but contented myself with making inquiries at house doors and on the street. At length, when quite exhausted and thoroughly depressed in spirits, a friendly policeman directed me to a certain No.—— street. Knocking at the door, it was opened by a pleasant-faced little woman, and I found myself at home.

Oh! those weary, hopeless, endless tramps after employment, up one street, along another, down a third, and it was often with a heart well-nigh breaking that the little room was entered for rest.

My money,—ah! Just enough for a week or no longer, and then I trembled to think of it, for I was afraid, not so much of the immediate consequences, but of the dread temptation.

But I forgot—I had a room-mate. I seldom saw anything of him, and he went and came at very irregular and uncertain hours. He was very taciturn, wore glasses, and had a very prominent and hooked nose, with a short beard, and about the most of the friendliness he evinced consisted in once or twice proposing a game of euchre, and upon getting tired he, very unceremoniously, would either get into bed or pick up his hat and walk out. My landlady knew nothing about him, save that he used to go out regularly every morning as if going to work, coming home in the evening, and occasionally he would be absent for two or three days at a time—on business, he said, but what that business was no one seemed to know.

What did he keep in that large trunk in the corner? Was it curiosity that tempted me, or was it the terrible desire to—but no! I was determined that my life henceforth was to be honest, and I resolutely set my heart against the thought. But was I not in utter beggary, and—I got up from the chair on which I had been sitting, and, almost with a sigh, stole softly over to the door and pushed the bolt firmly into its place. Had he any keys? The pockets of an overcoat hanging on a hook were immediately ransacked, and every other garment I could see was carefully searched, but in vain. I did not wish to use force and break it open, and my skeleton keys had been thrown into the deepest pool of the Mississippi. I was on the point of giving up the search in despair, and in disgust had thrown a coat I was examining on to the floor, when suddenly and startlingly there came the rattle and jangle of keys. To search every pocket once was the work of a minute, and in a secret inside pocket I found a bunch of skeleton keys. Skeleton keys! I almost groaned at the discovery. Listen! Is that any one coming up-stairs? No. To select a key and fit it to the trunk was the work of a moment, and I staggered back as if I had received a severe blow.——The door! How my heart beat in terror; but it was nothing. The thought that had flashed upon me at the sight of the keys was now confirmed in all its truth. The trunk was more than half full of jewelry, plate, watches and others trinkets, the property of a dozen burglaries. My companion was, then, also a thief!

Dropping on my knees I proceeded to inspect the various articles, lifting them out and setting them on the floor, and laying aside every thing that I took a fancy for, or which might easily be disposed of, for I was a thief in heart once more. Carefully I lifted them out, setting them down so that not even a clink might be heard; and now I understood why my comrade had so objected to having anyone for a room-mate. And I felt an exulting joy as I thought of the strange chance, and smiled at the old adage of "setting a thief to catch a thief," and I even thought of the hypocrisy we had both been practising.

But there are footsteps now. My God! what shall I do? If he discovers me—well, at least I can blackmail him. But I kept perfectly still, hoping that, finding the door bolted from the inside, he might think I had gone to sleep, and so go off till I had time to close the tell-tale trunk. More steps—and yet more! Why, what a crowd there must be. "Open this door!" Oh God! that is not his voice. "Break it open, men!" and almost before I had gained my feet I was handcuffed and in the hands of the police.

I felt it vain and ridiculous to protest my innocence. The thief had been caught almost red handed in the act, inspecting his ill-gotten gains, and who would listen to a word about innocence? Yet I was not the man exactly for whom they had been looking. Where was my pal? My inability to answer was set down as a stubborn refusal, and the absurd story I proceeded to give seemed even more absurd when my previous conviction was brought up against me—and so my second term commenced.

Five years went yesterday, and I stood outside the prison walls a free man once more. What is the dread future in store for me? Will my endeavors to be honest have better success, or shall I be forced to continue, in my own eyes as in the eyes of the world—a confirmed thief!

A Weakness of One of the Cloth.

A clergyman had long failed in an attempt to give up snuff-taking, and at last he preached a sermon against it, but was miserable all the week after. When Sunday came round, he found he was getting on very languidly, and, to make the thing worse, an honest man of an elder, sitting immediately under the eye of the minister, took out his "mull," tapped it on the lid, and with the utmost gravity took a comfortable "sneeshin."

The minister could stand this no longer; he stopped abruptly in his sermon, and said, "John, for shame upon you, sir; how dare you do that?"

The elder looked up in amazement.

The preacher continued, "Don't you remember what I said to you last Sabbath?"

But the elder could not fathom what he had done to cause offence. The minister's passion for snuff had in the interim grown to such an intensity that it was a case of life or death; he could restrain himself no longer, and so, addressing the elder, he said, "I will not pollute my lips by mentioning what you did, but I will show you what it was; hand me up that box." Having got the box, he gave a certain number of taps on the lid, and went through the other forms of snuff-taking in imitation of what he had observed the elder do, saying, as he went on, "That is what you did, sir—and what is more, you'—taking a pinch—"did that too!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A Wakeful Guardian.

Johnson—Dat's a mighty pore dawg of yours, Yallerby. He's bonds mos' stick out frough he's skin.

Yallerby—Huh! Dat's jes' what meks him a good watch-dawg. He kain't lie down wivout hurtin' ob hisself.—*Judge.*

The Dearest Book in the World

What was the highest price ever given for any book? We may venture to say that we know of one for which a sum of £50,000 francs (£10,000) was paid by its present owner, the German Government. The book is a missal formerly given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII. of England, along with a parchment conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title of Defender of the Faith, borne ever since by English kings. Charles II. made a present of the missal to the ancestor of the famous Duke of Hamilton, whose extensive and valuable library was sold some years ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible, in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II. to buy the Bible, and pay for it its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed 325 pounds, thus representing the value of half a million of francs (£20,000). Though being much pressed for money, in order to raise up the Holy League against King Louis XII. of France, Julius II. declined to part with the volume.

A Distinct Decline.

Mrs. B.—The Browning Cult has rather subsided in your city, has it not?

Mrs. L. (from Chicago)—Yes, indeed! Now that we have got on to his curves it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Browning is already in the soup.

He Was Insane.

Judge (to prisoner)—You are found guilty of meeting the plaintiff in a lonely street, knocking him down, and robbing him of everything except a valuable gold watch which he had with him. What have you to say?

Prisoner—Had he a gold watch, my lord, with him at the time?

Judge—Certainly.

Prisoner—Then I put in a plea of insanity.

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Sanford (to Merton, who has just pinched his thumb in the door)—Oh, dear! Does it hurt?

Merton (to Sanford)—No. Does that?—*Puck.*

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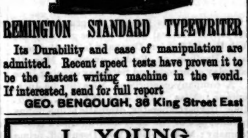

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To the Woods.

I think spring must have borrowed seven-leagued boots this year, she is getting on with such giant strides. Ah, how unfitting is that suggestion to our

"Maiden most perfect, lady of light."

Then too, I might have remembered how Swinburne wrote of her swiftness,

"Bind on thy sandals, oh! thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet."

What a change a week has made in the foliage of all the trees. But we won't find those in the woods so advanced; the city trees are always earlier. All the coal we burn, I fancy, must temper earth and air for them as well as for us.

We ought to find plenty of blood-root to day, it is one of the earliest spring flowers. I'll try and describe it for you. It is a little, starry, white flower, about the size of a cent, with eight white petals, four of which are sometimes shorter than the others. It will probably be the first we meet, for it likes the open glades and edges of the woods best. Then it has such a singular leaf you can scarcely fail to recognise it.

You don't know it? Suppose you cut out a heart with a very broad round point, and then divided it into seven deep mitred scollops, you would have something a good deal like the bluish green leaf of the *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or the bloodroot. As the season advances both flower and leaf grow larger.

Here we are. We made pretty good time, did we not? Look at the trillium, how lovely they are. Small? Yes, comparatively so, but you know these are not the aristocrats of the family, they will come later "in purple and fine linen." These are the little *Trillium nivale* or snowy trillium, and serve as *avant couriers* for their more distinguished relatives. Why is it called trillium? From the Latin word *trilex*, triple, I believe. You see its leaves, its petals, its sepals, in fact all its parts, are in sets of three, and I really think its names are quite three times three. The prettiest of all, however, in my opinion, is the name the country people give it—smiling wake-robin. I wonder if it got this name from some early riser who found the shy white maiden wide awake at the earliest peep of dawn, while master robin was still a sluggard? Could not we come out some morning early and find out which was up first? Ah, girls! you forget we are only Nature's step-children after all, dearly though we love her, and cannot invade her privacy till she is "up for all day." Not like the boys—young and old—who are her very own; they can go to her at all times; from them she keeps no secrets.

Hush, girls! Listen. Don't you hear a little tap, tap, tapping? Ah, I thought so. That's yellow-hammer at work, seeking his supper, no doubt, or perhaps looking out a site for his new house, for he builds a new one every year and always in a hollow tree. Yes, there he is; on that decayed beech to the left. How fast he runs up the bark. And is not he swagger with his gay red crest, his breast of cream color and black, and the bright yellow lining in his olive colored wings. It is this lovely lining I suppose which made naturalists name him the golden-winged woodpecker.

So you have found the blood root? Yes, that's how it gets its name; that ruddy piece dripping from the flesh-tinted root is horribly suggestive of blood.

And see the lovely wood daffodil! Oh, I know; bellwort is really its name, but most people call it daffodil. What a lot there are here! and how gracefully they droop from their long stems, the very longest that any spring flower has.

I wish I might give them a name. I would call them wind flowers; it would be much more appropriate to them than to the anemone or the hepatica, to which Bryant applies it. Do not they suggest blown breezes as they float on the air at the end of their slender, many leaved, bending stems, with all their narrow, tapering, greenish yellow petals twisted and waved like pennants streaming on the wind?

The adder's tongue is very like, and of course it belongs to the same family—both are cousins to the trillium. Some people think it handsomer, and it certainly is showier, with its bright yellow lily like flowers, and its richly spotted leaves; but I love the daffodils best, and some day I will tell you why.

Must we leave it all, with robin only just beginning his evening too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, and the little phœbe bird plaining out its melancholy pee-e-wee e from yonder sluggard oak, with our white and blue and yellow violets still ungathered?

Do you know I am more than half glad we have plucked none, for like Wordsworth

"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

So why should we shorten their fair short lives.

However we will find blue and yellow violets in plenty, I hope, next week; the little white ones will be gone, but later another and larger variety will bloom. DONNA BIANCA.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

Shun idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals.

Music

The Italian Society, named after America's great discoverer, Cristoforo Colombo, gave a concert on Monday night, which was not very well attended, although the programme deserved a better fate. The audience was composed of quite a number whose features proclaimed them children of sunny Italy, and of about as many well-known local music-lovers who were essentially Torontonians. The Conservatory String Quartette Club provided part of the programme, and has already begun to show improvement upon its previous efforts. Its members are feeling each other's weight and characteristics better, and are "playing down" to each other more than at first. One can hardly give too much encouragement to such a fine exponent of a rich repertoire as a good string quartette really is, and it is to be hoped that substantial appreciation will yet be accorded to Messrs. Boucher, Napolitano, D'Auria and Dinelli.

They played two movements from Haydn's quartette No. 2, op. 64; Kowalski's Il etait une Fois, Moszkowski's serenade, Pessard's minuet, and a pretty little fragment by Dumbler, entitled Au Bord de la Mer. The choice of such light and pleasing pieces is a wise one, as it pleases the general public, and is not such heavy pabulum as a succession of complete quartette would be. Mrs. Clara E. Shilton gave an excellent rendering of Fors e Lui from Traviata, and in response to an encore sang Tosti's Varrel Morir. Encores were in fact accorded everybody, even the quartette coming in for one, when it played a Chanson d' Amour. Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss H. A. Mills and Mr. E. W. Schuch were the other vocalists, and shared in the general approbation. Mons. Boucher's violin solo and Mr. Dinelli's cello solo completed the musical part of the programme, and Mr. Grant Stewart gave a very clever performance of thought reading, and later in the evening contributed a funny musical sketch.

The Philharmonic Society had a splendid audience on Monday at its rehearsal and not so large a one on Tuesday at the regular performance. Beethoven's Mount of Olives was sung, followed by a miscellaneous programme given by the Musin Concert Co., who performed different programmes each night. The oratorio is a short one, but full of beautiful music. The chorus sang splendidly in time and tune, and showed thorough discipline.

It gave much more attention to the variations of tonal force than it usually displays, and in the splendid Hallelujah chorus found congenial work. The tenors were a trifle weak, especially in the part illustrating the fear of the Disciples; and the basses had not the solidity of tone which characterized their singing at the last concert, but taken all in all the Philharmonic chorus has rarely been more effective than it was on Tuesday. The orchestra was also better than before and played the difficult music excellently, few faults being apparent. Mr. Torrington, who had just arisen from a sick bed, showed no ill effects, and was as full of spirit and watchfulness in his direction as ever, his efforts culminating in the Tannhæuser Festmarsch which, combining chorus and orchestra, made a great impression.

The soloists could hardly have been better chosen. Mme. Annie Louise Tanner, with her bright, flexible voice, was admirably suited in her part and sang the difficult floriture work with the greatest ease and *aplomb*. In the O Triumph chorus the fine quality of her voice rode out above the choir with wonderful clearness and power. In the second part she sang Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark with Mr. Arlidge's flute obligato, and was received with deafening applause. Flute and voice mingled and resembled each other so that it was difficult to tell them apart. It was a triumph for Mrs. Tanner as well as for Mr. Arlidge, whose keen enjoyment of this piece is always apparent. Mr. Whitney Mockridge was equally well qualified for his part, which he sang with tender dignity. His voice has the range and sweetness required for his part, and is so free from the qualities which have been undesirable in the tenors that have visited us lately, that I doubt whether there is another tenor in America to-day so well qualified to sing the music of Jesus in the Mount of Olives. His voice is perfectly under control, and in the pathetic passages his singing left nothing to be desired. In the miscellaneous part he sang O Vision Entrancing, from Goring Thomas' Esmeralda, in most finished style, with elegant phrasing and true dramatic feeling. The bass part was sung by Mr. Schuch.

Mons. Musin played the variations on a gavotte, and it was amusing to see the way the violinist of the orchestra, who had gone down into the hall, watched him. His execution is wonderfully clear and neat, and his tone is warm and generous to a degree. The artistic grace which abounds in him found full expression in his encore piece, a charming Berceuse by himself, which is full of delicate fancy and tenderness. Mr. Edwin M. Shonert made a strong impression by the manner in which he played Courtayer's Valse Caprice and Czerny's Octave Studies, the difficulties of which he overcame with ease. He played the accompaniments with rare judgment. B. NATURAL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Great interest is taken in the grand operatic and concert festival which will be given by the Juch-Perotti Concert Company in the Horticultural Pavilion on Friday evening, May 31, Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening June 1. A company comprising Miss Emma Juch, soprano; Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe, piano; Mme. Herbert-Foerster, dramatic prima donna soprano, late of the Metropolitan Opera House Company; Miss Helene Von Docutroff, prima donna contralto; Sig Jules Perotti, one of four of the greatest living tenors and also from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where he was the leading success of the German opera season; Herr Emil Fisher, basso; Mr. James H. Rickertson, tenor; Sig. Guiseppe Campanari, baritone; Mr. Victor Herbert, solo violoncello; Mr. Max Bendix, violinist, and a grand orchestra of forty musicians, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, is without doubt the strongest company that has been advertised this season. The plan to subscribers will open on Monday morning, May 20, at Messrs. Nordheimers', and to the general public, May 21, at ten o'clock. Checks will be given out at eight o'clock in the morning. Any manager that can afford to bring a company as above stated and put them in the gardens, and only charge the small amount of one dollar for reserved seats, deserves to have crowded houses. Programmes are now at Messrs. Nordheimers'.

The Stage

When the curtain went down on the first act of A Poor Relation on Monday night a half-a-dozen friends who were with me in the box remarked that it was the prettiest first act which had been seen in the Grand Opera House this season. Indeed, I have seen nothing like Noah Vale on the stage before. It was made for Sol Smith Russell and it was made by a man who knew the veteran actor, and I think Noah Vale is really Sol Smith Russell under an alias. I felt like going on the stage and pulling Uncle Noah's ear a half-a-dozen times. He was altogether too innocent for this world and everybody was doing him up and giving him the worst of it, and he seemed to consent to the imposition with such good humor and thorough forgetfulness of himself that the audience began to get angry at seeing him imposed upon until he spunks up in the second act. I think probably in life there are very few such nice people as Noah Vale. I think their Maker would come and get them before they got old enough for a playwriter to fairly study their character and yet if we are to have ideals on the stage we could not have a more beautiful one than Seedy Genius so well portrayed by Sol Smith Russell. He suspects no one of any intention to rob him though everybody seems bent on doing the same. He is an impecunious inventor, defining his misfortunes as the result in the first place of not knowing the worth of money, and in the second of not knowing how to get it. He has in charge little Rip and Patch, the heritage of the poor, a couple of stage youngsters who played their part so well that many a tearful eye looked at their golden curls and felt sorry for their rags. While Noah starves and struggles to make a living for these little ones he endeavors to amuse them, and some of his specialties are introduced in the acts where he endeavors to make them forget their hunger. The scene where he takes Rip's little trousers off in a barrel stave to sew on a button, the song of the owl, where the little mice creep out to see, and half-a-dozen other places where the babies and Sol Smith came together there is a good deal of laughter with a very perceptible tendency to tears. It is the pathetic sort of humor and the climax of it is reached early in the second act. After that, while the entertainment is exceedingly pleasant, I must confess it "peters" a little bit, to use a phrase which would come within the vocabulary of Scollops who, by the way, was the brightest woman on the stage. Since the success of the dramatized version of Little Lord Fauntleroy critics have been examining the phase of human nature to which that baby play so strongly appealed, and no better exemplification that children are a most infallible means of appealing to the whole human kind has been found than the delightful companionship of Noah Vale with little Rip and Patch. The company, excepting Miss Ethel Osburn, who is Scollops, the slangy young person with the kind heart and excessively ready tongue, is not beyond the average. The Roderick Fayne of J. H. Fitzpatrick is fairly good, the Jasper Sterrett of Mr. Byron Douglas is a little below the average. The Sociable Smith of Hugh Gibson is away down under the average. Miss Florence Field as Dolly Faye, Miss Etta Morgan as Eunice Faye, have at least the merit of not detracting from the beautiful personality of the leading character. Miss Emma Butler as Alice Warriner the Forsaken is acceptable, though I must protest against her producing a seven shooter in the crisis of the second act. As a rule when a woman comes out of a hospital she does not carry a gun. The babies were pretty and they acted well enough to make everyone anxious to give them a big, big hug. Of course Sol Smith Russell is the entertainment. There is only one Sol. He is inimitable. When he is on the stage no one else is noticed. He has the best play now he has ever had and when the last act and a half is tinkered up a little bit he will have the most money-making, tear-producing, laughter-provoking comedy drama on the road. I like to see him, no matter how often he comes, no matter what his play is. I do not care for the dramatic garment he wears, I want to see Sol Smith Russell, hear his unmusical songs and laugh at his exceedingly unique antics. Off the stage he is just the same as on. His bright eye twinkles and his measured voice enunciates his words quite as distinctly and peculiarly as when he comes before the curtain to thank the audience as he did on Monday night for their clamorous calls for a speech. He is one of the best loved of actors, and that he is making a fortune for himself and his charming wife and agreeable manager Mr. Fred Berger, excites envy in no one, for Sol Smith Russell, as I remarked before, like Noah Vale is one of those unbusinesslike, sweet-tempered people who succeed because God seems especially good to them and not because they are particularly good to themselves.

On Monday evening next the regular attaches of the Grand Opera House will take their annual benefit. A good variety performance will be given.

On the Frontier is the play at the Toronto Opera House this week, with Jas. M. Hardie and Sara Von Leer in the leading parts. As its name indicates, it is another dime novel show, the constant repetition of which is calculated to make anybody but the average small boy as weary as a hired man. The noble redman, of course, comes in for a large and important share of attention, and in this company he is the genuine article—none of your Niagara Falls brand of redskin, but a relic of the proud race whose wigwams once dotted the shores of our lakes and rivers, whose canoes shot over their trembling waters and whose chief amusement—since they had no theaters or wild west shows—was to playfully massacre a few families of white settlers or remove the outer cuticle of their next door neighbor and then build a fire around him to prevent his catching cold. These give a strong, realistic effect to a plot that might otherwise seem to many untutored people slightly improbable.

American literature and American drama owe much to the redmen and the cowboys. But the aborigine is no more roving towards the sunset and the halo has ceased to encircle the flowing fleece of the herdsman. Only last week a little tailor from Kansas City traveling in the west for his health defended his rights as a free citizen of the United States so vigorously against the encroachments of a cowboy as to cause the latter to ask when he recovered his senses, if the stampede had been checked. It rests, therefore, with American literature and drama to preserve the obsolescent glory of these two branches of humanity. With Buffalo Bill paralyzing the crowned heads of Europe with it and the thousand and one dramatic companies working it in this country, it will assuredly be long kept alive.

Mr. Hardie is a big man with a bass voice, of which he is not stingy. As a ranter he is a decided success. Miss Von Leer represents Blue-flower, a blue-eyed Indian maiden who falls in love with the hero. The scene in which he reveals his affection for her was the most idiotic performance I ever had the pleasure—pain rather—of looking at, on or off the stage. It was a finished bit of lunacy. If any man, civilized, semi-civilized, or barbarous, ever declared his love for a girl as Mr. Hardie did, he deserved flaying alive. Miss Irene Hernandez is a pretty brunette who did some clever singing and dancing. The rest of the company is poor.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Lotta accidentally fell on the stage during a performance of Musette at Easton, Pa., on Friday night, and severely strained her back.

Billy Scanlan is "a joy forever" in "Green Isle." At the Gaiety Theater, Dublin, last week, Shane-na-Lawn was a tremendous success.

Nelly Farren is reported to have said that Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter are the luckiest women who ever went on the stage, as they are being taught to act at the expense of the public.

The death in New York, on Saturday last, of Mrs. T. Charles Watson, wife of Major Watson of the Finance Department at Ottawa, has taken from the profession a young lady of excellent promise. Mrs. Watson supported Rose Coghlan in Jocelyn, and was rapidly winning for herself a large share of favor.

When a famous actor was playing, the crowd was so great that a woman fell from the gallery into the pit. Everybody expected to see the woman carried dead from the theater, but the results were not so serious. Her only answer to the expressions of sympathy that greeted her on all hands was, "Thank goodness, I have now got a place where I can see and hear comfortably."

Carl Rosa, the great English opera manager, died in Paris a week ago last Monday. The deceased was the husband of the famous Parepa Rosa, and was forty-seven years old. Mr. Rosa was a violinist in Mme Parepa's support under Bateman's management when that great singer came to America twenty-five years ago, and it was reported at the time that she admired him so much that she proposed the marriage.

A very young New York lady named Gladys Orme is going through a rigid course of study for the stage and has already given evidences of possessing great histrionic powers. The *Theater* says of her: "She is just budding into womanhood, and if you can believe in the theory of soul transmigration you would simply insist that Adelaide Neilson was born over again, for she is her living image."

At a certain German town many years ago, when Jenny Lind was at the height of her fame, there was a tremendous *furore* about the fair singer, who, after driving the whole place nearly mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant students who had escorted it rushed back to her hotel, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind upstairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterward a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying at the hotel, came to breakfast, at the *table d' hote*, and was observed to be much disturbed in mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said in a low voice to some people who were near him at the table: "You are English gentlemen I observe. Most extraordinary people, these Germans! Students in a body raving mad, gentlemen!" "Oh, no," said somebody else; "excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible!" "By George, sir," returned the old gentleman still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man! I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving and while I was gone"—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes." It is perhaps needless to add they had gone into the wrong bedroom.

On Diverse Strings

The Voice of Saguenay.

For Saturday Night.

Hast thou heard of the wondrous river,
The dark-shadowed flood that slides
Silent and deep and awful,
Laving the mountain sides,
Down—till at old Tadousac
It is lost in St. Lawrence tides?

There, witness of torrents commingling,
For centuries looking down,
Stands Eternity's massive fortress,
Rugged, and gaunt, and brown,
Its foundation depths unmeasured
And the wind-swept fogs its crown.

League after league the current
Has toiled and journeyed on,
From the forest streams of the Northland
And mystical Lake St. John,
Gliding mid rock-bound chaos
As eye never gazed upon.

Shores that are piled like mountains
Smit by Titan's angry might;
Ruins of nature's grandeur
Tumbled on left and right,
Great crags that o'erhang the water
Shrouding it dark as night.

There is a voice in the stillness
A whisper that seems to tell
Of an age-old convulsion,
When mountain, and hill, and dell,
Shook with the war of forces
And trembled, and heaved, and fell.

There's another voice oft speaking,
Like the creaking of rusty locks,
Reaping load through the glassing
It wav rs, and breaks, and mocks—
'Tis the lay of the pensive bull-frog—
"Jump-up! Jump-up! Mor-r-r-e—rocks!"

And thy son on his long vacation
Gropes for his pants and socks,
And writes by his sleepless window
A letter that jars and shocks,
With the song of the frogs ringing through it—
"Pump-up! Plump-up! Mor-r-r-e—rocks!"

E. W. SAUNDS.

Woman's Way.

Ay, that's our woman's way.
We lean our faith
Upon one thing, which often proves too weak
And falls us. We are given over much
To trust our heart—whole heart—into one hand
That, growing weary, lets it drop, perhaps,
And then we pick it up and weep to find
That it is broken.
Were I only strong
(Which is to say no woman) I would strip
From out my heart and out my reeling brain
The tortuous thoughts of him who proved so false,
As I have stript my finger of my ring
That means no more now than a band of gold
If I were strong, I'd never go at eve,
When all the fireflies, like sparks of light
Dropped from the mystic, burning stars, are out
And flitting low, and playing hide-and-seek
With pretty buds; and every breeze let loose
Is making havoc of the golden wheat—
I'd never go, with hurried, stealthy tread
To where we stood together at the gate
One time, and not so very long ago—
To stand alone now. Ay, that's sad; at least
It's sad to dream on the impossible.
To stand and think with mournful eyes and lips—
More dear late sure, than wet and easeful tears—
Upon the Past.
Why, sometimes, I confess
The life-blood rushes backward on my heart,
As if to hush its throbbing, just because
I think I hear a step that sounds like his,
Ah, yes! the best of us are only weak.
If I were strong, I'd brand his image false,
And stamp it into powder 'neath my feet,
Instead, I've got it still. I've laid it by
Among his letters.
On drear winter nights,
When I am sitting by my lonely hearth,
I count them over, and I think how once
He sat so near me on that other chair—
(Which I have kept th re still, because I'm weak.
So near our hands met. Just to break the still,
That grows so mournful, I can hear my tears.
In low half whispers I repeat, sometimes,
The sweet, fond love names ever on our lips—
Elsewise I have forgotten how they sound.
If I were strong, and he should come to-night,
And stand before me on the threshold there,
With outstretched hands, the love light in his eyes
(That once I deemed unquenchable) relit;
If, peradventure he should come (and I
Were strong, you understand), I'd fling my scorn
Into his face, and bid him go, and cry:
"I have forgot you and those blissful days—
I've bound my heart up, far off from your reach,
And all your love could never touch it now!"
If I were strong!
I think if he should come,
And stand upon the threshold there some day,
And whisper once: "My Wife"—no other word—
I think I'd say: "Come in; I've kept your place."
Well, I'm a woman, and we're very weak.

The Sweethearts.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,
Where fire-flies dance as their lamps they trim,
The night-bird singing his song the while,
She watches and waits for him.
The moon on her fair, sweet face looks down,
The night is so calm and the air so still,
She hears far off toward the distant town
The note of the whip-poor-will.

Over the meadows and down by the stile,
Her sweetheart comes to the trysting-place,
And softly humming a song the while
He kisses her blushing face.
Afar in the skies the stars shine bright,
About them the fairies weave their spell,
While eyes that are filled with a tender light
The old, old story tell.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,
Rose with fragrance are filling the air,
Somebody's fingers caressing the while
A maiden's sunny hair.
Oh, what can be sweeter than Love's young dreams?
Oh, what can be fairer than Summer skies?
Yet brighter than all to a lover seems
The blue of his sweetheart's eyes.

His Three Faults.

The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not what you may call a brilliant speaker. "He has only three faults," a friend apologetically remarked; "1, he reads his speeches; 2, he reads them badly; 3, they are not worth reading."

Noted People.

It is said that the Empress of Austria is visiting England under the strictest incognito.

Charles Dickens' youngest son, Mr. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, has been elected a member of the New South Wales Parliament.

Mr. Gladstone considers yew the most difficult tree to fell; next come beech and ash. Oak, though very hard, fells well; but the easiest of all is Spanish chestnut.

When Gov. Biggs of Delaware, reached Forty-second street during the New York parade some impudent urchin in the crowd cried out: "How's the peach crop, Gov'ner!"

Everybody who is now admitted to an audience by the Pope must have previously signed a document by which the applicant pledges himself neither to ask anything of his Holiness nor to publish or repeat anything that his Holiness may say.

Mr. Gladstone, who reads widely in a half-dozen languages, takes up his favorite, Homer, the last thing every night. He says a page of it soothes his nerves. John Bright was equally industrious, but he was just as likely to read a French novel before dropping to sleep as he was to dip into his favorite—Milton.

The statement that the regular income of John D. Rockefeller is $20,000,000 a year moved the Philadelphia *Record* to make the following computations: Every night he goes to bed he is $54,794 richer than he was the night before, every hour adds $2,283 to his fortune, and at every tick of the clock $6 is added to his pile.

It is stated that William K. Vanderbilt will build near Asheville, N. C., the most magnificent private residence in the south. Some months ago he began the purchase of property near Asheville and now owns 4,000 acres, on which he will shortly erect a mansion 300 feet in length. The cost of the estate when completed will be over $1,000,000.

Miss Margaret Blaine is fast earning the reputation of being one of the wittiest young women in Washington. Her voice is particularly pleasing, and it is said that she has a naive way of saying "Don't you know!" that is the envy of all the other Washington belles. She acquired it in England during her visit last year and uses it frequently in her speech.

It is whispered through China, and on apparently excellent court authority, that the youthful Emperor at Pekin is very dissatisfied with the chief bride chosen for him and has openly expressed his displeasure to the ex-Empress Regent, who did the selecting of imperial consorts. The indifference shown to her by her husband is said to cause the deepest pain to the girl-Empress, and she is believed to be partly deranged with grief.

Octave Thanet, whose real name is Alice French, is one of the most industrious of literary workers. She often writes ten hours a day, and yet her manuscript shows no signs of fatigue. Her handwriting is small but very legible, and she is very careful about dotting her i's and crossing her t's. Miss French's home is in the West, but she passes her summers on the Massachusetts coast and her winters in the South, so that she cannot be said to have any one especial environment.

"William Dean Howells is one of the neatest men in the world of letters," says *Current Literature*. "His study is as daintily ordered as a lady's boudoir, and his dress is immaculate, but he cannot induce his thick, grayish-brown hair to remain in the state of smoothness to which he endeavors to reduce it, and rumpled over his broad forehead, it gives him a singularly youthful appearance. He is rather un-American looking on the whole; dark, with heavy features and very deep eyes beneath drooping lids, but which light up wonderfully, as indeed the whole face does, when he is conversing."

Miss Nellie Gould, the great financier's eldest daughter, probably has more independent property than any other unmarried woman in America. She is her father's favorite, and every year he gives her stocks and bonds. Added to this, her mother, who had a fortune of several million, left the greater share of her property to Nellie; so that she is worth over six million. She is but twenty years of age. The only place in which she is frequently seen is the Presbyterian Church, of which she is a member. She interests herself in general charities, and in half a dozen summer homes for sick babies and poor women.

Lillie Devereux Blake, Kate Field and Annie Jenness Miller are remarkably clever and high-priced women, both at the pen and on the lecture platform. But none of the three have saved any money. Mrs. Blake devotes almost her entire income to furthering woman's rights' schemes. Mrs. Miller spends her's in new gowns and her magazine. Kate Field is continually engaged in vagaries by which she hopes to regenerate society. Amelie Rives, who has suddenly become one of the highest priced of writers, spends almost all her earnings in dressmaker's and jeweler's bills. Laura Daintrey is a rich woman independently of her pen. Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Wilcox make only a meagre income from newspaper letters, and Mrs. Lippincott, once the prosperous and widely read Grace Greenwood, has saved only a modest annuity on which to end her days in comparative freedom from poverty.—*N. Y. Truth.*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, although in receipt of the largest income now made by any woman in America, is by no means wealthy. She earns an average of forty thousand dollars by her pen, one item of which is five hundred a week from the Broadway theater. But Mrs. Burnett has fads that are expensive. She is one of Worth's best customers, and his annual bill against her is something enormous. Besides her extravagant taste in dress, Mrs. Burnett has spent a prodigious amount of money in hospitalities here with the hope of making herself as great a social success in New York as she is in Washington. But the metropolis which bears the Atherton, the Wilcox and the Rives, never could be persuaded to take up Mrs. Burnett since her divorce. So she has shaken the dust of Fifth avenue from her bronze heels, and returned to Washington with the disgusted intention of ending her days there.—*Truth.*

Art and Artists.

The Art Students' League is to be congratulated on the success of its modest little exhibition last week. A large number of visitors found their way to their workrooms, and seem to have been favorably impressed with the work, which for the most part consisted of studies made from the models employed during the winter, along with composition sketches drawn in connection with the Sketch Club. To those unfamiliar with the workings of a life class it seemed strange to see so many drawings of one man seemingly in so many different positions. But this is only the result of the students drawing the same model each from a different point of view. The sketches which probably attracted most attention were those of Mr. William Cruikshank. Mr. Cruikshank is an old student of the Royal Academy in London, who whiles away his spare hours sketching at the League and giving many excellent hints to the more experienced and younger members.

Mr. W. D. Blatchley and Mr. C. M. Manley also showed much excellent work. The other chief exhibitors were Messrs. W. Bland, J. Kelly, C. Jeffreys, W. Thompson, F. Langford, S. Jones, O. Staples, A. Francis and J. Jephcott. The sketches published on this page are from original drawings by the artists themselves. Some of them have suffered on account of the large reduction necessary to crowd them into our limited space.

I hear that Mr. Bell-Smith is about to go to France. He complains of a lack of appreciation of his work in this country.

I have heard of another old Toronto artist, who has succeeded in getting into the Salon, Mr. George B. Bridgman. His painting is called *Mousse à la Mer. Harper's Weekly* says it is "a vigorous and dashing marine subject, representing a fishing boat suddenly brought to, at the cry of 'A boy overboard!' The sail is being lowered, and falls in heavy rolls; the crew are just rushing to the side and in the foaming waves is seen the head of the boy who has fallen overboard and struggles to keep above water until help comes. This is the first picture Mr. Bridgman has sent to the Salon. It is full of promise."

The scheme for forming a new art association to erect an art gallery here has fallen through, as I expected. The Royal Canadian Academy is the body which should take this matter in hand, making this city its headquarters, the educational and art center of Canada.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Art School this week, a motion was passed recommending that the duties of carrying on art school education in this city be vested in the Public Library Board. Hon. G. W. Allan was re-elected Honorary President; Dr. White, President, and Rev. Dr. Davies, Sec.-Treasurer.

VAN.

Mr. Maconochie, Commercial Traveler.

Mr. Maconochie is a genial old bachelor. He and his well-worn grip turn up at the end of every week at Rosemary Villa, where we both occupy select furnished apartments "for gentlemen only." On Saturday evening I said, "Well, Mac., what is new on the road? Did you hear any new stories this week?" He said: "Yes; a friend of mine who was married last year got a telegram the other day, telling him to come home at once on account of an increase of population. He is a great fellow to play practical jokes. Three lady friends of the family, who had been blessed with enough raw material to fill a perambulator, placed each of their dear little cherubs at the disposal of the nurse who attended my friend's wife. She was instructed to have the two pair all laid out for my friend's inspection on his arrival home at ten o'clock a.m. After kissing and congratulating his beloved, who, of course, was let into the secret, he went to see the baby. He was speechless as the nurse proudly showed him the new arrivals. When he recovered, the tears ran down his cheeks. He said: 'Are they all here, nurse? Are you quite sure none of them escaped?' The ladies had their baby carriages hid away. When he got back to the bedroom, followed by the nurse with a bouncing boy in her arms, he found the ladies in roars of laughter, he saw the joke and joined in the chorus, and so did the baby.

MACONOCHIE'S CHUM.

The Man Who Fascinates.

The man who fascinates is the man who comprehends. It is so with women, at least. It matters less to them that a man has great thoughts of his own than that he understands their thoughts, whether they be great or small, and their feelings as well as their thoughts. Take any society you choose and see if this rule does not hold good. One man may be distinguished above others by personal beauty, another by good temper, another by a dashing and attractive bearing, another by delightful manners, another by trustworthiness of character, and so on and on; but if, in the set, there be a man who comprehends silently, who knows intuitively when a woman is gay and when she is sad, and who adapts himself swiftly to these moods, and shows her that he sees through the mask she wears for others, and attunes his temper so accurately to hers that while the words and looks of others jar, his harmonize and soothe, he may perhaps lack every one of the above list of attractions, and yet he will be the man that women like. Generally speaking, this type of man is self-forgetful, or at least appears so. He is too busy giving out sympathy to demand it for himself, and one secret of his fascination is that he feeds the self-love that exists, in some degree, in every human heart, by regarding the joys and sorrows of every woman he meets with a serious, attentive interest, that is a far more winning tribute than the best-turned phrases ever conceived in the mind of the cleverest flatterer.

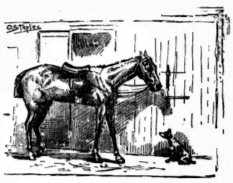
If, in addition to his gift of sympathy, this man has the knack, as he probably has, of making it understood without the vulgar means of words, that he is himself a poor devil, generally down on his luck, the ladies will love him all the more for that, provided always that he has the tact to find their woes more interesting than his own.

But he must be able to sympathize with their merry moods, no less than with their melancholy ones. For instance, if exuberance of spirits should cause one of the fair creatures to be the least bit indiscreet, and in her honest little heart she should be paying the penalty for it, the charmer, to be perfect, must manage to reassure her, to convince her of the trivialness of her offense, and carry it off with a gayety that will set her heart at rest. This will delight her with herself and him.

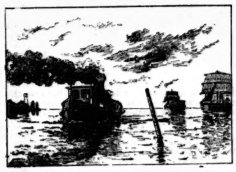
In all this we have made the man appear as a sort of third party, the trusted friend of the fair sex in matters which relate to other men, but it is in this way that, whether consciously or unconsciously, he ingratiates himself, and his promotion is certain to be very prompt from a recipient of ladies' confidences to that of a bruiser of ladies' hearts.

In this prosaic and mercenary age, the man who charms is not sure to be the man who wins. But then it is not so much the hands as the hearts of the fair ones whereof he desires to possess himself. You will find that he is generally conceded to be not a marrying man, his very diffusiveness of sympathy disqualifying him for wedlock. After a long series of successes, when it has been said a score of times that women who married other men would have preferred to marry him, he will perhaps turn domestic and enter the holy estate himself, and more than likely his choice will be an *ingenue*, a creature too young and innocent to have any secrets to confide, so that his great gifts would be wasted, but for the fact that they had their source in his intuitive perception of the natures of women—a thing equally delightful to the ignorance of childhood and the sophistication of age.—*Once A Week.*

A LEAGUE MODEL, BY C. JEFFREYS.



AFTER A HARD RUN, BY O. STAPLES.



TUG AND TIMBER BARGE, BY F. LANGFORD.

AN OLD MILL, BY C. M MANLEY.

NEGLECT, BY W. D. BLATCHELY.

A LEAGUE MODEL, BY W. BLAND.

SKETCH AT THE LEAGUE MEETING, BY W. BENGOUGH.

MEDITATION, BY A. FRANCIS.

Sketches by Members of The Art Students' League.

Lullaby.

Drowsy daffodils nod in the twilight,
Half-shut violets their sweetness keep;
Bumble-bee drones as he wings him homeward:
"Sleep—sleep—sleep."

Wee robins, hid in the budding willows,
Close under downy breast-feathers creep;
Soft the mother-bird chirps to her babies:
"Sleep—sleep—sleep."

Low lisp the waves of the laughing river,
Low breathe the winds on the upland steep;
Wind-song, wave-song, murmur together:
"Sleep—sleep—sleep."

Out through the fringes of Night's blue curtain
Star-eyed cherubim shyly peep;
List to the lullaby downward drifting:
"Sleep—sleep—sleep."

Shut little eyes, with their silken lashes,
Shut little mouth, with its rose-flush deep;
Daintiest dream-choirs sing to my darling:
"Sleep—sleep—sleep."

Truth in Death.

We had a man named Burrows in our mining camp, and he was without doubt the most notorious liar Nevada will ever shelter. His fame as a liar spread for a hundred miles around, and men used to stop at our camp to get a look at him. He wasn't a wicked man, and he had no malice about him, but he was a natural born liar. He lied about his father, his mother, his wife, brothers, sisters, and everybody else, and for every hour in the day he had a new falsehood. He had a claim of his own and was fairly industrious, and so we had no excuse to drive him out, although his lies were continually kicking up ill-feeling among the men. One day a lot of earth and rock caved in on him and inflicted fatal injuries, and a number of us knocked off work to be with him in his last moments. You would have thought the shadow of death would have brought a change of sentiment, but it did not. Lying there with only an hour of life left to him, he told us that he had been a pirate on the Pacific and where he had buried a large amount of plunder. We all knew that he was from Ohio and had never seen any ocean; but he stuck to it. One of the men finally felt it his duty to say:

"Burrows, you have only a short time to live. You had best spend that in preparing for eternity."

"I've allus been good," he quietly replied.

"Yes, but you are an awful liar, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so. I've told a million of em, haven't I?"

"No doubt of it."

"And every one has been laid up agin me?"

"Very likely."

"And my chance is rather slim?"

"Rather."

"Well, boys, it's my way, and I can't change at this late day. Just as that cave-in came I struck a nugget as big as my head. It would value up a clean $15,000. If you'll be kind enough to pull it out and sell it and send the cash to my wife I'll die feeling better."

He went off soon after that, and we said to each other that he had given us the greatest yarn of all. No one took his claim, which was accounted a poor one, and it lay for three months before one of the boys dug into it one day for a pickaxe buried and forgotten. He hadn't got the pick when he came across a lump of gold which balanced $13,280 in coin, and every shilling of the money was sent on to the widow, as directed. It got there to find there was no widow, but six months later went to a sister. In his dying hour Burrows told the truth about his find, but, alas! he repented of it, and lied about having a wife.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Didn't Understand.

Several nights ago Col. Jerry Spillers of Kentucky went to see Coquelin at McVicker's Theater. The colonel had never heard of the great French comedian, and expected to see a performance something after the style of the minstrel shows which visit country towns. The Kentucklan secured a seat near the stage, and, shortly after the performance commenced, began in an annoyed way to scratch his head.

"Licker in this blamed town is no good," he muttered. "Blamed of it don't take a man's understandin' away from him. My friend (addressing a man who sat next to him), what is that fellow sayin'?"

"I don't know."

"Then it has the same effect on you, I reckon."

"What has?"

"The whisky in this town."

"I don't drink."

"Huh, I don't understand this business. Say, what's the matter with that feller? Talks worse than anybody I ever seed. Why don't they make him get down offen that platform? Why, dang him, he can't talk at all."

"He's talking all right. He's French, you know."

"What! then he ain't our kind uv folks at all."

"No."

"You say you can't understand him?"

"Not a word."

"Did you know befo' you come that you couldn't?"

"Yes."

The Kentucklan handed the man a buckhorn-handle knife.

"What's this for?"

"It's yourn."

"No, it isn't."

"Yes, it is," said the Kentucklan. "The fellers out in Allen county gave me that knife just befo' I left an' told me that it was mine till I met a bigger fool than I am. It's yourn."

Arkansaw Traveler.

She Was Gentle.

A young lady being informed by her beau that he intended to cease his attentions, horsewhipped him round the room, and, as he sprang through the open window, told him, with a parting whack, that that would teach him to be more careful for the future not to trifle with a gentle and loving heart.

Mrs. Doofy's Mistake.

Mrs. Doofy—And were you at the widding, Mrs. O'Rafferty?

Mrs. O'Rafferty—Indade, I was, Mrs. Doofy. And how did Biddy O'Donohue look?

Illigant! She wore the most beautiful orange blossoms iver I saw.

Orange blossoms! and her feyther belongs to the Clan-na-Gael, and all the rist of her family attind choorch, bad luck to her. Orange blossoms! if I could only lay me hands on her. Orange blossoms, the hiritic!

A French Portia.

Jean Hiroux *(Anglice*, Bill Sykes*)* was defended by a lady barrister who warmly pleaded the cause of her client. Visibly affected by her eloquence, the prisoner suddenly leaned over the rail and exclaimed:

"That speech of yours has gone to my heart. Allow me to embrace you!"

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Aunt Adelaide, that girl must go!"

"My dearest child, I don't see how it is to be managed; but I will do all I can. Pray calm yourself, my darling Lucille—you will make your pretty eyes so red if you cry! Sit down dearest, and let us talk about it quietly."

Lucille was pacing up and down her aunt's boudoir like a caged lioness. Her eyes were streaming with tears of rage and mortification, and she had twisted up her little cambric embroidered handkerchief into the similitude of a piece of rope between her trembling and angry fingers.

"She must go, I tell you—she must go!"

"My dear, my dear!" said Lady Elwyn soothingly.

"Oh, it's all very well telling me to be calm and not get excited; but, if you were engaged to Adrian, and caught him making love to a designing minx of a girl who was doing her best to entrap him, would not you be angry too? And now he has gone away—actually gone—when he had promised to ride with me this afternoon; and I wanted him to put my chestnut in the shafts to-morrow morning too; and we were to have gone out in the punt on the lake this evening! Oh, it's too bad! And I begged and prayed of him to stop, and he simply wouldn't listen to me. I don't believe in that telegram one bit, even though Simpkins told me he had one—it's all a put-up dodge to please that horrid hateful girl!"

"But, if she has induced him to go away, my dear child, it does not look much as if she wanted to flirt with him?"

"She! Oh, no; he has gone of his own accord in order to get out of temptation, poor boy! When I caught them, she was evidently entreating him to stay. Aunt, she is a serpent—a veritable serpent! You must get her sent away!"

"That Lucille dear, is easier said than done. I can talk to her of course, and I can punish her and shut her up in her room; but Lord Elwyn would never allow her to be sent out of the house, whatever she may do. As a matter of fact, she has more right here than you have, dearest."

"Very well then; I shall go away and stay with the Doynes, and console myself with Laurie. He is very devoted, and not half such a trouble as Adrian is!" She spoke wildly and recklessly, knowing how the threat would affect her aunt.

"Oh, Lucille," cried Lady Elwyn, in genuine distress, "you frighten me—you do, indeed—when you talk in that desperate way! You know as well as I do that wretched Laurence Doyne has nothing on earth but debts and habits of dissipation, and wants you only for your money; whereas Sir Adrian has a large fortune and a nice place of his own. You would never be such a fool as to throw up the solid advantages of a good match for the sake of a penniless ne'er-do-well like young Doyne! I cannot believe you, Lucille."

"Be easy, aunt Adelaide—I don't mean to throw Adrian over—I know the value of money too well; but, if that girl is to live here for ever, I shall certainly go away and amuse myself with other people whenever I can."

Lady Elwyn looked full of distress and perplexity. Like everybody else who came into contact with Lucille Maitland, she dreaded the outbursts of temper and was cowed by her imperious violence; yet the only creature on earth perhaps whom she really loved was this beautiful and wayward girl whom she had brought up since her parents' death as her own daughter. She sighed and passed her hand wearily across her forehead. Lucille had flung herself impatiently into a low basket chair. There were lines upon her brown and a pouting red lips; she tapped impatiently upon the floor with the front of her little pointed shoe, and now and then she bit viciously the cambric handkerchief in her hands with her small white teeth.

"I am thinking, Lucille," said Lady Elwyn at last, "that there is no use in worrying ourselves of this girl peaceably, and without any difficulty at all."

Lucille left off biting her pocket handkerchief and looked up with interest.

"You can't suppose," continued her aunt, "that I like her presence here one whit better than you do. She is a dreadful nuisance to me in every way, and unfortunately there is no denying that she is nice mannered and even good looking."

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Maitland, with an angry shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, my dear—you cannot deny that she is pretty. And that, in one way, makes it all the worse, because she attracts people by her looks and ways who would never notice her at all if she were plain and dull. Her father, for instance—why, he seems to be quite infatuated with her! However, in another sense her looks are an advantage, because my idea I have in my mind will be all the more easily carried out."

"What on earth do you mean, aunt?"

"I mean that we might marry her off quickly."

"And who would marry her, pray?" said Lucille, with a contemptuous laugh. "Who would be likely to want to take her off our hands at an hour's notice?"

"Well, I have thought it over already, Lucille; and I do not see why, with management, it should not be brought about. My idea is to marry her to the Colonel."

"To Colonel Elwyn? Oh, aunt!"—and Lucille flung herself back in her chair and burst into a peal of laughter. "My dear aunt, you are a genius! What a joke it would be! Old Mephistopheles and innocent *ingenue*—what a combination! But you will never manage it—never! And then would Lord Elwyn allow it?"

"Oh, my dear, I do not think the difficulty would be so stupendous as you seem to imagine, or that Lord Elwyn would be so very hard to manage! You see Alfred is his heir; he will have the title and the place, and Kathleen will have the money. From a worldly point of view, it would be suitable—very suitable indeed. And then Alfred Elwyn is just the sort of man to fall violently in love with that kind of ignorant unfoundered beauty; a pretty face is all he looks for in any woman. And, as to the girl herself, why, her head will simply be turned by the first nobleman who lays any attention! Think, my dear—a girl accustomed to common laboring men—why, she will positively be flattered!"

"Great heavens, what a life he would lead her! I pity any woman married to Alfred Elwyn. Imagine what a nice, kind, domesticated husband he would make! It is really a most killing idea!"—and Miss Maitland, completely restored to good temper by the very contempt of her aunt's suggestion, laid her head back upon the azure satin cushions and laughed long and merrily.

"Alfred would have to marry some day," continued her ladyship, pursuing the subject with relish. "He will never marry respectably—he is too confirmed a vagrant for that, let alone the fact that no respectable woman of decent family would marry him; his little *affaires de cœur* with disreputable persons have become somewhat too notorious. Of course he will have to marry for the sake of an heir; and I should think that Kathleen would suit him admirably, with her looks, money, innocence and absolute ignorance of the world. That her mother was an innkeeper's daughter won't signify to Albert the least in the world—he rather likes women of a lower class—it will be all in his own line. Yes; I do think it is a most admirable idea. I shall sound his lordship about it before Alfred comes down next week. He rather likes Alfred, you know, because he is a good shot; he won't object to him very much for a son-in-law if he is made to think the girl's heart is in it."

Again Lucille went off into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

"Won't it be splendid!" she said. "What a fine week for me all her behavior to me! What a dog's life he will lead her—and serve her right too," she added viciously, becoming serious all at once—"a low under-bred creature, foisted on us against our will, and setting herself to work to ogle the gentleman who happens to be staying in the house! Why, aunt Adelaide, she has been trying to attract Adrian's attention ever since she came! From the very first minute I noticed how she looked at him, with her mock-modest air, luring him into little private conversations and all the rest of it! Oh, I am not a fool, neither am I blind! And if she marries the colonel, it will be only a just retribution, and I shall be delighted—yes, delighted—to think how miserable she will be!"

And so this magnificent scheme for the utter undoing of an innocent and friendless girl who had never done them any harm, and whose only crime was that she existed and was her father's child, was discussed at great length between the two women who were her enemies. And the more they talked it over the more enamored they became of the notion, and the more feasible did it seem to dispose of poor Kathleen so summarily and in so satisfactory a fashion to themselves.

"Many a marriage has been arranged and carried out to suit the convenience and fancies of persons interested neither in the bridegroom nor the bride; therefore why not this one?" argued Lady Elwyn.

These two women were quite of one mind; they meant to get rid of Kathleen, and, having devised a method by which they thought they could do so, they were not in the least scrupulous about the manner in which it was to be brought about.

Poor Kathleen did not have a particularly pleasant time of it during the next few days. It was true that the man she loved had gone away, and was for the time being safe from those terrors which had for a few hours caused her so much anguish of mind; it was also true that he had gone with so much consideration and tenderness towards herself that she might well be pardoned for believing that he was, despite his bondage to another, by no means indifferent to herself; in addition to this, as far as she could tell, Tom Darley had quitted the neighborhood—he came no more after the keeper's place, and she saw no glimpse of his disturbing presence in any other walks or haunts. She felt the tender mercies of two women who had entered into a combination to make her feel uncomfortable, the girl felt anything but happy.

They were not actively unkind to her; they did not persecute her with harsh words; nor was the subject of Sir Adrian's attentions alluded to by either of them; but, silently and with a studied coldness, they sent her to Coventry. They talked much and gaily to each other—they never spoke to her; they drove out daily in the carriage—they never asked her to accompany them, they strolled arm on to the tennis lawn, or out in the boat upon the lake, she did not ask the other girl so near to her age as to stay at home with her, but knocked the balls about by herself, or sculled herself across the blue water to the flower jewelled island in the center, without a suggestion to the wistful maiden on shore on the bank that she might accompany her. At meals, save to inquire what she would eat and drink, they ignored her absolutely.

Her father indeed was always kind and affectionate, but he was much occupied just now with preparations for the partridge-shooting—which was a very important thing indeed at Clortell Towers—and he was unable to take much notice of his young daughter. He would have been exceedingly surprised and grieved if he had been told that she was wretched. He saw her three or four times in the day; she was prettily and suitably dressed, and was usually busy reading or working or practising her music. He knew that the head-groom gave her a riding-lesson every morning on a pretty little bay mare of perfect manners which he had presented to her, and he gave instructions that a smart pony-cart and pony should be purchased and placed entirely at Miss Elwyn's disposal. He honestly believed that everything on earth had been done to make her life a happy one. That his wife and her niece were doing their best to render her miserable never entered his head.

It did not occur to Kathleen to make any complaints to him. She had a sweet temper and a patient disposition, and she was proud too. To complain would have been to bring a storm about her ears; and a storm would have brought an explanation in which Adrian and her interest in him would have come under discussion. Sooner than raise that subject again she would have endured any ignominy that might be put upon her.

But the two women did not heap indignities upon her. That was not their plan just now, they simply wanted her to feel utterly lonely and solitary and dull, so that she would be likely to welcome gladly anybody who would create a diversion in the monotony of her joyless existence. To this end they talked very frequently about Colonel Alfred Elwyn—so frequently that at last Kathleen began to experience a vague curiosity to see him and a faint desire that he would arrive.

On the evening before he was to come, Gorman was brushing out the soft tresses of her long brown hair.

"What is Colonel Elwyn like who is coming to morrow, Gorman?" inquired her young lady suddenly.

"Like, my dearie! Why, he ain't like anybody much!" Gorman was apt to be somewhat vague in her language.

"Is he handsome?"

"There's a many as would call him handsome," replied the abigail ambiguously. "One never do know what young women think of men's looks."

Gorman was evidently not to be drawn into a discussion of the heir's personal appearance, so Kathleen tried her on another tack.

"Is he a nice man, Gorman?"

"Now whatever makes a lady ask anybody if a gentleman is nice?" exclaimed Gorman argumentatively. "Sweets is nice, and so is peaches, but I know of!"

"What then is he like, Gorman?" Kathleen asked, with a laugh.

"Why, he's just like himself, miss, and like no one else on earth as I ever heard of;" and with this oracular reply Kathleen was forced to be content.

Colonel Elwyn was to arrive at Clortell Towers in time for dinner. Kathleen had gone upstairs to dress on his return of her carriage that had been sent to meet him at the station. She was standing before her dressing-table waiting for Gorman and slowly unfastening the little gold brooch in her collar, when a very extraordinary thing happened. There was a hasty rap at the door, and, before she had time to say, "Come in," Lady Elwyn entered her bedroom.

Kathleen was so astonished that she could utter not a word, more especially as she came in with the cold and frowning face with which her step-mother usually met her, she entered smiling, and addressed her at once in the kindest voice.

"I came to see what you were going to wear to-night, my dear. What—only your every evening black gauze!"—observing that that garment lay upon the bed. "Oh, that won't do at all! There is a white dress Gorman has been making for you this week; put that on, Kathleen, to-night. Don't you remember that Colonel Elwyn will be here to dinner?"

Kathleen murmured almost inaudibly that she had not supposed that Colonel Elwyn would take any notice of what she put on.

"On the contrary, Kathleen, Alfred Elwyn is a man who notices every detail of a lady's toilette; and, moreover, as he is specially anxious to see you and to make your acquaintance, I wish you to look your very best."

A flush of surprise rose to Kathleen's brow; and, as she was young and quite without experience, there arose at the same time the tremor of a pleasurable excitement within her. She faltered a little confusedly:

"Why should he take an interest in me?"

"Well, perhaps you will find out some day, my dear," replied Lady Elwyn, pursing up her lips in a mysterious fashion. "Meanwhile it will please your father as well as me if you look your best this evening. Gorman"—as the maid entered the room at that moment—"Miss Elwyn will wear her new white dress to-night; and be careful to make her look nice, please; and Graves will bring you a little diamond ornament I will lend her to fasten in her hair." Gorman looked amazed. "The Colonel will be here, Gorman, you know," she added, with a significant nod as she swept out.

When the door had closed upon her, Gorman stood stock-still in the middle of the room.

"Miss Kathleen," she said solemnly, "her ladyship means mischief! I never saw her smile and nod in that there crocodile-fashion that she didn't!"

"Oh, you dear old silly Gorman," replied Kathleen, laughing aloud, "what mischief can possibly arise from my wearing a new dress and her ladyship's lending me a diamond ornament? I think she means it kindly; and, oh, if you knew how nice it is to be spoken kindly to and taken an interest in, just for a change!" added the poor child wistfully.

But Gorman looked black. She said nothing for some moments, but busied herself in bringing out the pretty white dress from the wardrobe. Suddenly she turned round upon her young lady and cried earnestly:

"Oh, my dear Miss Kathleen, you are nothing but an innocent lamb, and you know nothing about evil, but for Heaven's sake beware of Colonel Elwyn! It's him as is at the bottom of this! and there is those in this house who would sacrifice you to a bad man just as easy as they would crush a spider, and think no more of it! I know you have anything to say to Colonel Alfred, my lamb."

This warning, well-intentioned as it was, was hardly likely to effect the object desired. Kathleen was young and inexperienced, but had heard too much lately of this wonderful colonel to receive old Gorman's words quite in the spirit in which they were spoken. Her young blood boiled with a little generous indignation against the woman for trying to set her against her father's heir by vague accusations. Her eyes flashed as she turned upon her:

"What have you to say against Colonel Elwyn?" she asked, with a touch of the hauteur which was by birth in her blood. "If there be anything so wicked that he has done, you had better say so; otherwise I prefer not to hear insinuations against papa's cousin who is to be a guest in his house!" and she felt more anxious to see Colonel Elwyn than she had ever felt before.

Colonel Elwyn was standing up before the fire-place in the small drawing-room talking to her ladyship when Kathleen, in her white dress, with crimson roses in her bosom and a glittering diamond bee in her hair, came timidly into the room. He was tall and spare, his figure was good, and his general aspect was distinguished-looking. He was dark and of middle-height, and therefore he seemed quite elderly to the girl's juvenile eyes. He had an aquiline nose, a heavy drooping moustache, curled into sharp points at the ends, a sallow complexion, and dark deep-set eyes that were rather too close together either for beauty or for goodness. These peculiarities of feature had doubtless earned him the nickname of Mephistopheles whom he also resembled, if report spoke truly, in such of his deeds as were not altogether admirable traits of character. Despite the show of breeding and of polite manners with which the colonel knew how to adapt for his designs, any student of human nature could have told at a glance that the owner of so remarkable a face was not a good man. Even Kathleen, young and innocent as she was, recoiled with instinctive repulsion as she met his eyes; and her own fell confusedly and with a sort of shame beneath the bold glances which he cast upon her.

"So this is my little cousin!" he said, as he took her small hands in his long tapering white fingers. "By Jove, my lady, you have not exaggerated your account of her! A real beauty, and no mistake! Are there many such pretty girls as you in the village of Mayfield, my dear?"

Kathleen drew away a little proudly from the openly-expressed admiration and the too familiar words, to which she disdained to give a reply.

"Gorman was right," she said to herself, as she took a distant seat—"he is not a good man. But how odd that Lady Elwyn should have taken the trouble to describe me to him!"

She was not destined to be left long in doubt as to the interest which Colonel Elwyn took in her. All that evening he paid her marked attention, singling her out for remarks and questions of the meaning of which she understood but little, and overlooking the beautiful Lucille Maitland in a manner that was really astonishing to Kathleen, but which, oddly enough, her beauty did not appear to resent in the slightest.

Had Kathleen known that only a year before Alfred Elwyn, fired by a desire for her fairy thousands, had laid his hand and heart at Lucille's feet and been repulsed by her with ignominy, she would have wondered less at Miss Maitland's resignation at the loss of his attentions; but, not being aware of this circumstance, she could only marvel at the colonel's taste in preferring herself and her simplicity to all the innumerable charms of the petted child of fashion. That such was the case, however, was most plainly evident.

After dinner, Colonel Elwyn asked her if she was musical, and requested her to sing; and, while she hesitated and looked doubtfully towards her father, who possessed a fine cultivated if somewhat harsh soprano voice, Lady Elwyn called out to her:

"Yes; go, my love, and sing us something—you sing charmingly, I was listening to your practice the other day—your father must hear how well you are progressing."

She sat down to the piano, and sank the old song Robin Adair. Kathleen had not a powerful voice, but it was full in tone and remarkably sweet; she sang also with much pathos and true feeling. Colonel Elwyn, who was critical, could find no fault with her voice and style; while, when she rose from the piano, she was surprised and touched to see that her father's eyes were full of tears.

"Your mother used to sing that song," he whispered to her ear as he wished her good-night; and, as she returned his kiss, Kathleen felt that she had never been drawn so near to him nor loved him so well.

Altogether, in spite of the redoubtable Colonel and his evil face, Kathleen had not spent so happy an evening since her arrival at Clortell Towers. It was the first time her step-mother had treated her with kindness and as if she was on an equality with the rest of the family, instead of the inferior being which she had been taught to regard herself.

But an elucidation of the mystery was soon to come. On the following morning Lady Elwyn called the girl into her boudoir as soon as breakfast was over.

"Come in, Kathleen," she said kindly, "and shut the door. I have something of great importance to tell you. You like Colonel Elwyn, my love?"

Kathleen was surprised at such a question.

"I—I hardly know—it is difficult to say on so short an acquaintance. He was certainly very kind to me yesterday evening," she added more heartily, remembering how much he had praised her song.

"Yes, he is very kind—a most warm hearted fellow," said her step-mother earnestly. "Alfred has a heart of gold!" she added, with enthusiasm.

Kathleen doubted it, but was too polite to give expression to her doubts.

"Of course, as you say, your acquaintance with him has been short, and you cannot be supposed to know much of him as yet by personal observation; but I know him in my word, my love, as to his merits; and I hope that very soon you will know him much better."

"What do you mean, Lady Elwyn?" asked Kathleen, looking bewildered.

"I mean, my dear, that a most wonderful piece of good fortune has befallen you—such luck, let me tell you, as does not often come to a young and ignorant girl, especially with your humble antecedents. The dear Colonel has consented to overlook the drawbacks in your position—to forget them altogether—in fact, his generosity and nobility are quite beyond praise in the matter. He admires you excessively, and—I hope it will not quite turn your head, dear—he has asked your father and myself for permission to make you his wife. It is as your future husband that you must now look upon Colonel Alfred Elwyn!"

(To be Continued.)

Great Discoveries Ridiculed.

One of the characteristics of every age is the storm of opposition invariably aroused against the propounder of any idea calculated to upset preconceived theories. In this age of wonders scarcely anything in the way of invention would astonish us, but it is instructive and somewhat amusing to look back upon the past, and observe the fierce efforts put forth by our forefathers to stem the dawning light and beat back the onward and irresistible march of science. That we have reached our present range of advancement is not for want of learned and scientific men to cry Halt! at every step.

In the year 1820-21 Thomas Grey petitioned Parliament with respect to a general system of railways for the United Kingdom, and also published a book upon the same subject. A committee of the House of Commons, however, reported that it was desirable to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a motive power. The Reviews sent up a universal shout of ridicule against Grey, and spoke of the pamphlet as the work of a dreamer or lunatic.

The *Quarterly Review*, in 1824, gave forth the following inspired remarks: "As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding the present mode of conveyance by land and water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back Old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum."

The advice given by a President of the Royal Society to a gentleman who had an idea for propelling ships by steam, was to devote his energies to some practicable scheme, and not to visionary speculations.

Medical professors have ever been unwilling to depart from the beaten track, and discoverers in that art have invariably to face violent opposition mingled with abuse from their brother practitioners.

Jenner, having devoted eight years' study to securing to mankind comparative immunity from a terrible disease, met, on the propagation of the result of his labors, with unmerciful ridicule, and many years of severe and bitter opposition ensued before the beneficial nature of his investigations began to be recognized. Then those who had most violently resented the intrusion of something new strove to deprive him of the merit of its discovery.

Harvey's discovery in relation to the circulation of the blood presented nothing to shock the prejudice or susceptibility of anyone, but a host of those who are ever ready to combat facts new to them fell upon him like one man, and this onslaught upon his theories by the most learned and scientific men caused his reputation and practice as a physician to materially decline. People then, as now, hesitated to place themselves in the hands of a doctor whose head was filled with new-fangled notions.

It was opposed by many learned men. It took twenty-five years to convince society of a fact now universally recognized. Hobbes, however, expresses surprise that a new doctrine could be propounded in a dark age.

By the persevering labors of Sir Charles Bell, that which from all time had been a mystery was cleared up. The blunders of doctors his papers published than he became the subject of attack from all quarters. The Royal Society treated him in the regulation way, and he received the very slight encouragement from that learned body, while ignorant opponents floored him with the wildest assertions.

In a letter to his Nervous System he observes: "Whatever may be thought of the reasoning pursued in these volumes, the facts adduced do not require excuse, perhaps hereafter curiosity may be excited to know in what manner they were first received. The gratification in the inquiry has been very great, the reception by the profession has been the reverse of what I expected. The early announcement of my proposition failed to draw one encouraging sentence from medical men."

Nor have discoveries in other branches of science had a more easy time; indeed, violence has often been added to other indignities to which they have had to submit.

In 1530 Copernicus finished the manuscript of his book explaining the startling theory that the earth moved. But he hesitated to publish it, fearing to arouse the indignation of the learned interface in his time.

Owing to the pressure brought to bear upon him by friends, his book, after being kept back for thirteen years, was at length sent to the press. A few hours after the first copy had been placed in his hands the author died, apparently scarcely conscious of the importance of his life's work.

Opposition to the great truth at once set in. The Jesuits were foremost in the attack. Fienus, physician to the Emperor of Bavaria, and Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, ridiculed the notion. The heads of the Church of Rome condemned the work, and inserted its title in their index of forbidden books. In our own country such men as Bacon and Milton indignantly rejected the idea of the earth's motion.

These were the days when the faggot and stake played an important part in forming men's opinions, and made short work of those who endeavored to spread so-called error. Giordano Bruno was burned at Rome for teaching the Copernician theory.

After examining into the phenomena of electricity, Franklin wrote some papers containing accounts of his experiments. These were read before the Royal Society, but were not considered of much importance, whilst one of them, on the sameness of lightning and electricity, caused much mirth among the members. In many works written at this time Franklin was spoken of with contempt, and his theories denounced in fiery language. The idea of a printer presuming to extend the scientific knowledge of professors was too much. But the Royal Society in this, as in many other instances, had to acknowledge itself wrong, and atoned somewhat by electing the once despised printer a member.

He Grasped His Chance.

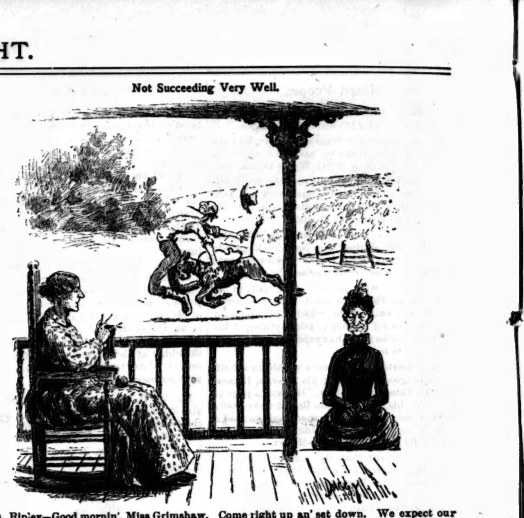
Ardent Swain (to object of his affection)—For several weeks past I have been trying to speak to you, Fraulein Rosa, but you never gave me the chance of putting in a word. I therefore gladly avail myself of your remarkable hoarseness to make you an offer of marriage!

Better Have Not Spoken

Hardup—Widow Cashley, I love you devotedly. Won't you become my better half?

Widow Cashley—I am afraid, Mr. Hardup, that you are not seeking a better half so much as better quarters.

Not Succeeding Very Well.



Mrs. Ripley—Good mornin', Miss Grimshaw. Come right up an' set down. We expect our son from California ter-morrer an' father's tryin' ter carry out that air scriptur' idee with th' fat calf.—*Judge.*

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolations from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It arouses all the excretory organs into activity, thereby cleansing and purifying the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what cause they have arisen. All diseases originating from a torpid or deranged liver, or from impure blood, yield to its wonderful curative properties. It purifies the stomach and bowels, promotes the appetite and digestion, and cures Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," and Chronic Diarrhœa, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Tumors disappear under its use.

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The haughty woman did not believe her own assertion, and her son, looking at her, knew it, and knew that she knew it. Just then, in the heart of Olivia Oldcastle, there raged a tempest of anger against the son she loved, almost as fierce as that which she felt against the son she hated. The first would pass, the second never. She knew that Guy spoke the truth, and she mentted in far more bitterness than she could have done had it been the slanderous lie which she affected to believe it was. But she did not so believe, and she knew that he saw it. Not for the first time her eyes dropped before his, ashamed, despite herself, of what she well knew could be read there.

"Wait!" he said, not less resolutely. "I have said, mother, that my hands shall be clean in this matter, and I am resolved that they shall. I spoke, hoping that you would do what you know to be your duty; I regret now that I troubled you. With my former experience to guide me, I know that I should not have made any appeal to you. You refuse to end this thing—I must do it in your place."

"You must do it!" Lady Oldcastle echoed.

"I must. I am the master of the Towers, mother; it is not my fault that you force me to assert myself as such.

"Perhaps," she said scornfully, "you will take it upon yourself to dismiss Miss Stone?"

"I will. I shall see that she leaves here in as short a time as possible."

"It shall not be!" Lady Oldcastle's cheeks flushed, and she clenched her hands. "Understand me—it shall not be done! I forbid it! I refuse to have one word said to the girl or one further word said to your brother. You hear me, Guy! I forbid it!"

"I hear." He pushed the thick dark hair off his forehead wearily, and turned from her. "I have said what I will do, mother. I say no more."

He crossed to his usual chair, sat down, and took up his book. Only for one moment did his mother remain looking at him, hardly seeing him, for the room seemed full of mist, and the rapid beating of her heart confused her. Could she have stopped to plead with him, she knew well that she would plead vainly. She turned from him, knowing herself beaten, and left the room.

Slowly mounting the stairs, her heart still throbbing fast, she went to her sitting-room. Its windows were wide open and the lighted lamps burned low. As she entered abruptly, a figure in the gloom turned towards her—Mrs. Uglow. Lady Oldcastle stopped suddenly.

"My lady, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the housekeeper, in soft apology. "I am afraid I startled you."

"You did so, certainly." With her coldest air of self-possession, Lady Oldcastle slowly approached a chair by one of the windows, and sank down into it. "I supposed that the room was empty," she said. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

"No, your ladyship. There was only one letter to-night—the postman has just called for the post-bag—and, as it was for your ladyship, I brought it up here."

"Here! Why was it not brought into the drawing-room?"

"I thought you were up here, my lady," said Mrs. Uglow, respectfully. "I beg your pardon."

"Probably it does not matter." Lady Oldcastle indolently raised her arm and turned higher the bracket-lamp which was just over her head. The light, shining through its rose-hued globe, fell full upon her. "Where is the letter?"

"Here, my lady." Mrs. Uglow presented it, and drew back again. "Is there anything else I can do for you, my lady? Shall I send Parker up-stairs?"

"No-thing, thank you. When I want her, I will ring." Her mistress, speaking abstractedly, was absently turning over and looking at the letter. Now she tore it open and unfolded it. "Stay," she said, glancing up—"will you find Mr. Duke and ask him to come to me? I wish to speak to him for a moment."

"Certainly, my lady."

But Mrs. Uglow, though saying this with a cheerful and respectful alacrity, did not hasten to comply with the request. She turned up a lamp, she moved a footstool, she redraped a curtain, she picked up a fallen book, and from beneath her drooping eyelids her keen black eyes, with a cruel lustre not pleasant to see, were intent upon her mistress as she slowly raised the open letter and cast her eyes down it. Mrs. Uglow saw a strong, swift shudder shake the stately figure from head to foot, saw a dreadful spasm convulse the handsome face, saw the proud eyes dilate and the firm lips start apart, and the white hand crush the paper and drop down heavily.

Mrs. Uglow smiled to herself, and moved towards the door.

"Shall I ask Mr. Duke to come at once, my lady?"

"No—not now. It does not matter. Go!" Lady Oldcastle spoke in almost her ordinary cold imperious tones, but the rose-hued lamp above her could not hide the ghastly hue of her face. "It does not matter," she said again; and, in spite of her frantic effort to recover herself, her voice sank to a mere muffled matter. "To-morrow will do—in the morning. Go!"

In her soft, stealthy, cat-like way the housekeeper silently withdrew. Her hand had hardly quitted the door when she heard it sharply locked behind her. Mrs. Uglow smiled to herself again—again a by-no-means pleasant smile—and went quickly and quietly, with knitted brow and compressed lips, down to her own snug sitting-room, where the heavy brass-bound desk stood on the side-table, and Marmaduke Oldcastle's boyish handsome face smiled brightly in its frame above the fireplace.

Mrs. Uglow stood before her fire, with her lithe long hands folded, and looked at the picture long and thoughtfully.

Up in her locked room Lady Oldcastle stood, and with white face and dilated eyes read again and yet again the letter which she had crushed in her hand, and which now quivered as it lay outspread upon her trembling palm.

"Dear Madam," it ran—"I have been remiss, but not forgetful. Circumstances which most unfortunately I could not control have been the reason of my failing to wait upon you, not negligence. Doubtless you have wondered. Doubtless you have both blamed and expected me. I offer a thousand apologies for what must seem like a lack of courtesy towards you. When I again have the honor of seeing you, I trust that I shall be able to explain my silence and my seeming remissness to your full satisfaction. I hope to have that honor—with your permission—shortly after the date of this. I refrain, for fear of disappointment, from fixing any precise time. You will, I am sure, see the wisdom of this—it is obvious. I may add that I am the more confident of making my peace because I shall not come to the Towers alone. I committed an error of judgment by doing so on the occasion when you so graciously honored me with an interview. I regret it and acknowledge it.

"Permit me to remain, Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

"Gabriel Dwight."

Lady Oldcastle fettered and sank slowly upon her knees with a faint, inarticulate groan. Gradually she sank lower and lower, until she lay prone upon the floor, moaning still, the letter clutched in her stiff white hand.

Extracted from Lady Adela Nugent's Journal, July 8th, 18—.

"Don't expect much from me to-night, my placid, white-faced, dumb, small confidant, for you won't get it if you do.

"I'm in a temper, my dear; I've cried until I'm such a terrible figure that I quite scared myself when I looked into the glass; and I'm so miserable that I wish mamma would make me go right off home to Sugdene Lodge at once—almost. It's wicked, it's abominable, it's cruel, it's—I know I shall wake that stupid old Pinkum up in the next room.

"What is it all about? That's what I want to know; if I did know, I should be amiable—comparatively.

"What was it that they were talking about—Lady Oldcastle and Sir Guy? I feel sure they were quarrelling—I know they were; I saw by his face, when he came in and asked to speak to her, that something had upset him; besides, I could see by their faces, when I passed the window while I was on the terrace that something was wrong. It's a silly notion, but, when I caught a look that Lady Oldcastle gave me once, I couldn't help fancying that it was something about me! I hate doing mean things, but I did—and I do—wish I had been near enough to listen.

"How can she do it—how can she! Without knowing a word of what it was about, I know that she spoke cruelly; I know that with that dreadful sneering, biting tongue of hers she made him horribly unhappy. It is shameful, when he has only just come home after being such a weary while away!

"Yes, horribly unhappy! I saw that when I stood by the window and watched him for just a minute after she had gone away.

"I can't bear to see that look upon his face—it makes the whole world seem a great aching void of misery somehow. I did not even go near him to comfort him, but stole away as quickly as I could without his seeing or hearing me. I had to make haste, because, when I saw him sitting there, looking so sad and gloomy and solitary—all the more solitary, I think, for the great room and the bright lights—I longed—yes, I did, and I shall put it down!—I longed with all my heart to go to him and comfort him.

"I know I could!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The morning, a most beautiful and brilliant one out of doors, did not begin so pleasantly within. When Lady Adela came down stairs—a little late perhaps—she found the only occupant of the breakfast-room to be Sir Guy, absorbed in his letters to all appearance, with Rob Roy as usual lying at his feet. But he was not too absorbed to rise and say "Good morning" as soon as she appeared, quiet as her entrance had been. Adela gave him her hand with a smile and patted the dog's great head.

"Am I so early?" she asked.

"Rather late, I think."

"Then where is Lady Oldcastle? She is always first. Is she not coming down?"

"I suppose so. I have not seen her this morning."

There was a tap at the door, and there entered Parker, Lady Oldcastle's maid. She spoke to Lady Adela.

"Her ladyship's love, my lady, and, if you will excuse her, she will not come down to breakfast. She has a bad headache, and does not feel equal to it; she has had a bad night. I think Mr. Duke is with her now; but her ladyship bade me say that he would be down directly."

"It must be the very hot weather that has affected Lady Oldcastle, I suppose," Adela said, as Parker made her noiseless exit—"she is so very seldom complains of headache. Yet she was not looking ill yesterday. It must be the heat."

"Very possibly," Sir Guy answered, in a tone the coolness of which certainly did not express much concern. "Will you take charge of the teapot, Lady Adela—here he comes, I see—or you going to leave it to me?"

"You ought to be more concerned with the coffee, since you always drink one and never the other," the girl rejoined gaily; but, as she took her seat at the head of the table, she wished most heartily that Lady Oldcastle had chosen some other morning—yesterday, say—for her headache. To give Duke his breakfast might prove a little tiresome, but it would not be embarrassing; to give breakfast to both the brothers together might, she felt, tax both her tact and cheerfulness severely. If Duke would only stay away now!

But he did not, for he entered at the moment; and she was not rendered more comfortable by the look, sufficiently dark upon both sides, which was the only greeting that passed between the brothers.

They had been at least tolerably cordial to each other at dinner on the previous evenings; and, knowing nothing of the scene in the Beech Walk, and decidedly not suspecting the bruised shoulder and excoriated elbow which caused Duke to groan inwardly, Adela wondered secretly what was the matter. For Sir Guy to be almost silent was no new thing, to be sure; but for his brother to be in anything but the bright est spirits was unprecedented. Adela found herself speculating as to whether he—adored as he was—might not possibly have received a lecture in his mother's sweeping room just now.

As a matter of fact, he did not. Lady Oldcastle had spoken to him, and, much to his astonishment and a little to his shame, had mentioned the name of Angel's governess. But she had spoken so little and so cautiously—a mere good-natured word of warning, in fact, making light of the affair, telling him that he should know better than to attempt to turn the head of the foolish little creature—that he had never for a moment thought that Guy had spoken. Indeed he put her knowledge or her faint suspicion—she had spoken so guardedly and cleverly that he did not know which to suppose it—down to some chatter on the part of Angel, upon whom he did not bestow a mental blessing. So he had answered her lightly, carelessly, much in the vein in which he had replied to his brother's first remonstrance, and was so mightily relieved to think that things were no worse that he did not pause to realize how curious it was that his mother, knowing anything and speaking at all, should speak out so vaguely.

Even now he felt that he was by no means out of his difficulties—he was in the very thick of them indeed, and would need all his adroitness and discretion to fear, Amy to quiet and soothe and deceive somehow, and Lady Adela to speak to. That once done and the worst over, other things would no doubt adjust themselves in some more or less easy and comfortable fashion. What he most desired to do was to keep things quiet until he had obtained Adela Nugent's promise to marry him.

Sir Guy was not long in finishing his breakfast and leaving the room with the letters. Adela glanced at the younger brother, smiling.

"Have you quite finished?" she asked.

"Quite."

"Then I'll get up, I think. I don't feel altogether comfortable in this great chair, and have a disconcerting notion that I don't precisely look the character. Lady Oldcastle is a much more imposing personage. I hope she is not really ill. Do you think she is looking so?"

"Not especially; it is nothing more than a headache, I fancy; she did not seem to think much of it herself. What are we going to do this morning? Take another walk along the cliffs?"

Adela looked at the handsome, good-tempered, admiring face, and laughed mischievously.

"And half bake you in the sun, poor martyr! I should so like to have heard your private sentiments yesterday! I know that you were tired to death, and that you wished me and my pedestrian powers anywhere. No, I don't think I'll sacrifice myself again just; and, besides, I hardly feel equal to such a walk just now. I am almost inclined to have a headache myself."

"Let me drive you over to Wilderon then, Duke said eagerly, nothing being more likely, he thought, to give him the opportunity he wanted than a long tete-a-tete drive. "You have in ver been there since the day you came here," he urged; "you were saying so yesterday. Will you come?"

"Thanks," she said, deliberately considering; "but I don't think so this morning. I am absurdly drowsy already, and driving always makes me worse.

"Will you ride then? I don't think you would find it too far, and Bay Nell carries a lady splendidly. May I tell them to saddle the mare for you?"

"Oh dear, no, thanks!" cried Adela in a hurry. Perhaps she scented danger in his earnestness and persistence. "I'm too tired, hard to please, I'm afraid, but I really don't think I can ride to-day; the motion would make my head unbearable. I haven't energy for tennis, or even for a sail," she went on carefully forstalling any other suggestion that she could think of, and which he was likely to make. "I'm just capable, I think, of lying out into the park somewhere with a book, and going to sleep under a tree."

"That means your favorite nook under the alders by the lake, I suppose?" he said, preserving his good humor excellently, all things considered.

"How clever of you! Yes, that is just what it does mean. I am half way through The Woman in White, and, if anything will succeed in keeping me awake it will. Do you think Lady Oldcastle would like me to go and see if she is better before I start?"

"I fancy not. She would try to sleep, she said."

"Then I won't disturb her. I am going to fetch my hat, and Angel too, if she cares to come."

"What on earth should you do that for?" Duke asked, astonished. Angel was as bad as half a dozen other people, he thought vaguely. If the girl had not looked so artless and innocent, he would positively have thought that she was doing it to irritate him.

Adela opened her great hazel eyes and elevated her pretty brows in most guileless wonder.

"Why, she likes to go, poor little thing! And I would quite as soon have her. One gets tired of angelic story-book children—they're so insipid. But is Angel insipid? Is she, I ask you? Is she insipid? Is she Miss Stone round her finger, the artful little puss?"

They had strolled into the hall as they were speaking; and now Adela ran lightly up-stairs, Duke, looking rather gloomily after her and pulling his moustache, his elbow and shoulder feeling most uncomfortably stiff and sore as he did so, thought it would be an exceedingly pleasant thing if she took it into her head to bring Miss Stone herself with her to complete the quartet and the joke together.

There was little fear of that. The governess and Lady Adela had not got on so pleasantly of late, to Adela's honest wonder and a little to her pain. She could not understand why the pretty girl was so cold in her looks and manner, so short and abrupt in her replies—why she so obviously avoided her, and showed such decided sullen little airs. Adela, in fact, had more than once taken herself severely to task for some inadvertent slight or lack of courtesy; but she had never succeeded in recollecting what it could possibly have been, and, to whatever reason she assigned the change, most certainly it was not the real reason.

The knowledge that she was being waited for down stairs had not the effect of making her hurry herself—a little the contrary perhaps. She lingered for a while laughing with Pinkum, who was more "entirely" tired of the Towers than ever, and absolutely disinclined at the prospect of a possibly prolonged stay there. Pinkum, in fact, was in "the dumps," and her mistress gaily and affectionately comforted him. Then, in a very leisurely fashion, her hat and gloves and sunshade and book were found, and then she went off to find Angel.

The question was whether Angel would be found in the nursery, littering that apartment, or whether she was to be found in the schoolroom, tormenting Miss Stone. The schoolroom was the nearest. Adela decided to try it first.

She went along the gallery and down the passage-way which Duke had often to traverse so unwillingly, tapped lightly at the schoolroom door, entered, and stopped short with Angel's name half spoken on her lips. The child was not there, as she saw at a glance; but Miss Stone was—and Sir Guy! Lady Adela had never seen him in that part of the house before; and she stared in wonder now, but the little governess was in tears, with her pretty face all stained and disfigured, and feeling quite certain that when she opened the door his hand had rested kindly, almost caressingly, it seemed, upon the girl's shoulder.

They did not surprise her more than her sudden entrance surprised them, and there was a foolish embarrassed silence for a moment. Adela broke it, a touch of unusual haughtiness in her manner.

"Pray excuse me, Sir Guy; I did not know you were here. I came to ask Miss Stone if Angel is busy; because, if she is not, and she care to go, I will take her into the park with me. Will you please tell me where I shall find her?"

"She is in the nursery, I think. I have not seen her since she went to her breakfast," the governess faltered, turning away with a downcast sob, and trying to blink back the tears from her blue eyes. "I—I will go and find her if you will wait, Lady Adela."

"No, I will not trouble you, thanks. I can find her myself, no doubt; I am sorry I disturbed you."

She ran up to the nursery with her cheeks aflame and her heart beating as it had never beaten before. She was furiously angry, blindly and unreasonably angry; she could have laughed until she cried, and cried until she could cry no more. She had never been jealous in her life, and now the feeling had come so suddenly and unexpectedly, was so strange and terrible, that it bewildered her. She had no clear, coherent thought of any kind when she burst into the nursery and cried out to Angel, with reckless gaiety, to come out—they would have a glorious time in the park, and stay there until Lady Oldcastle sent for them.

Sir Guy came out of the schoolroom presently, wincing a little as he heard the bitter sobs which burst from the passionately hot heart the door he closed gently after him. He descended the stairs at his usual deliberate leisurely pace, and sauntered across the hall to the open side-door.

Three figures were crossing the broad gravel sweep towards the shrubbery—Duke, Adela and Angel, the two former side by side, the child flying on in advance. Adela glanced back, saw him, and looked away. Guy could see how bright were the pretty pleasant cheeks, how her eyes shone, and could hear, in answer to some speech of her companion's, how sweetly and blithely her gay laugh rang out.

He smiled a little cynically. In part at least he had understood the expression on her face and the tone of her voice at the schoolroom door just now, and could not keep down a sense of grim amusement. It was a bitter joke; but it did not matter much after all. He shrugged his shoulders as he smiled, and turned away from the sunshine.

(To be Continued.)

Mrs. Brown—If you had only listened to me—

Mr. Brown—I'd have been talked to death long ago.

A Fond Farewell.

"HEY had come out into the hall late Sunday evening, after it had made a more than usually protracted call. The light was dim and romantic in the richly furnished entryway, the maiden whom he loved so he loved his life looked doubly fascinating, and Young Lovey found it exceedingly difficult to drag himself away.

"Good-bye," he said at length.

"Good-bye," she repeated, though she had remarked the same thing some seven times before.

"Good-bye," he said again, with a great hesitation.

"Good-bye," she whispered softly.

"May I have one final kiss?" he pleaded. He might and did, but still he lingered.

"Why," he queried, with a sudden inspiration, "is our final kiss like a duodecimo?"

"I give it up," the maiden said, after a moment of deep but hopeless cogitation.

"Because," he answered triumphantly, "it means 12mo."

And on that basis was it interpreted.—*Puck.*

Lines to a Mule.

O mule!
Thou gaunt, gray, gawky Gatling gun
On legs! Thou lank, embodied lightning streak,
All hair!
(Be careful, muse, of his heels.)

Thy drooping ears and languid eye,
Most subtle beast, might well breed confidence,
But thou shalt not obliquely launch thy heels
At me, thou wily rogue!

Great Scott!
How I have sometimes seen th' unwary youth
Of African descent hoist heavenward
Contorted, writhing by thy merciless hoof!
Then thou wouldst turn thy listless, blinking eye
To gaze upon the melancholy work,
Or bore with basilisk glance some victim now.

O mule!
Star-maker!
Dealer in pyrotechnic novelties!
Thou really art loaded, cocked and primed,
From early morning till the steps
Of dewy dusk imprint the world with stars.
I would not drew within
The magic circle of thy cognizant heels
For all the yellow gold that Shasta yields,
Or silken freights that hither swim from Ind.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Humor of Childhood.

A party of five or six street gamins were gathered at a respectful distance around an Italian rag-picker whom they were making frantic by their occasional mud throwing and gibes.

"Wot's the caper?" inquired a new comer as he rushed to the scene of action.

"Heaps; come jine us," replied one of the crowd; "we're playin' de Merchant o' Wennice."

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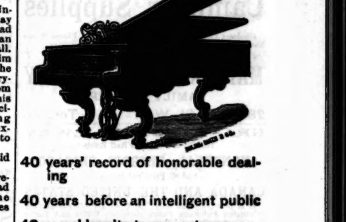
A few weeks ago I was attacked with a severe and distressing form of Eczema. The eruption appeared very generally over my body, causing an intense itching and burning sensation, especially at night. With great faith in the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I commenced taking it, and, after having used less than two bottles of this medicine, am entirely cured.—Henry K. Beardsley, of the Hope "Nine," West Philadelphia, Pa.
I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor.—Ellen Ashworth, Evanston, Wyoming Ter.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.



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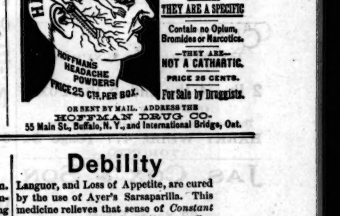

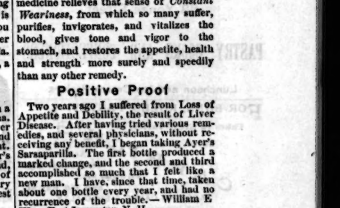

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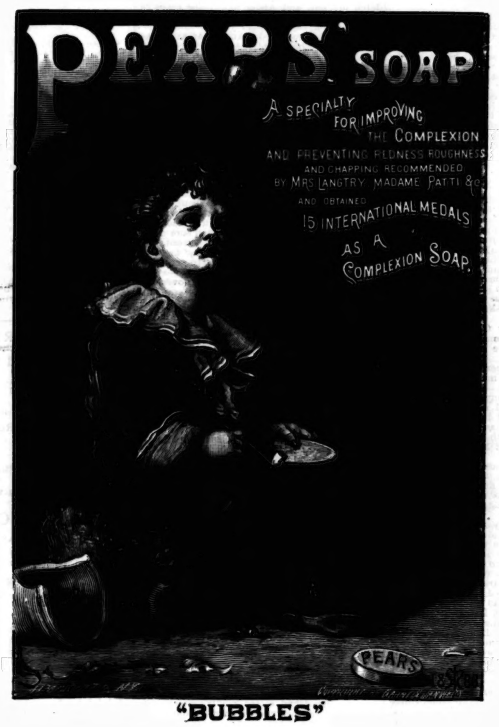

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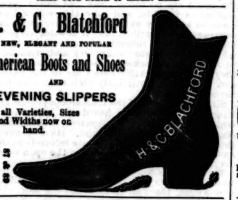

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A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

One of the best equipped millinery and dress-making establishments in Toronto is that of Miss M. Morrison, 41 King street west. A large, varied and carefully selected stock of goods is presented, in which the most fastidious customer cannot fail to find the articles which will please her. The most courteous attention is paid to all customers and all work is well executed in the most fashionable and artistic style.

The Empress of India made her first trip to Port Dalhousie Thursday of last week, and received a good complement of passengers and freight. She has been thoroughly overhauled from stern to wheelhouse and looks spic and span new. The Empress never opened a navigation season under more favorable auspices, and her travel patronage will doubtless be, this year, very large.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIS—On May 9, at St. Catharines, Mrs. Wm. Ellis—a son.

GERVAIS—On May 8, at Iroquois, Ont., Mrs. E. A. Gervais—a son.

KANE—On April 9, at Treherne, Manitoba, Mrs. Paul Kane—a son.

SCHOLES—At Toronto, Mrs. John F. Scholes—a daughter.

GORDON—On April 28, at Asheville, North Carolina, Mrs. H. B. Gordon of Toronto—a daughter.

BICKFORD—On May 12, at Dundas, Mrs. Henry Bickford—a daughter.

KEMP—On May 12, at Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Kemp—a daughter.

WIGHTON—On May 6, at Toronto, Mrs. John Wighton—a daughter.

MATHEWSON—On May 14, at Winnipeg, Mrs. F. H. Mathewson—a daughter.

Marriages.

LANGLEY—WILLS—On May 2 at Toronto, Hugh George Langley to Florence W. Wills, both of Toronto.

LONEY—DEVLIN—On May 4, at Toronto, William Loney to Helen Devlin, both of Toronto.

FERGUSON—HARPER—On May 14, at Toronto, Hugh Ferguson to Charlotte E. (Lottie) Harper.

BANKS—OSLER—On May 14, at York Mills, Arthur Francis Banks of Eglinton, to Frances Harriet Osler.

MATHEWSON—PENNOCK—On May 14, at Ottawa, Hugh M. Mathewson to Minnie A. Pennock of Ottawa.

Deaths.

BRYANT—On May 10, at Toronto, John Bryant, aged 56 years.

CORBITT—On May 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Corbitt, sr., aged 79 years.

ELLIOT—On May 11, at Toronto, Annie Elliot, aged 25 years.

GALBRAITH—On May 11, at Cooksville, John Galbraith, aged 81 years.

O'REILLY—On May 12, at Toronto, Mrs. W. T. O'Reilly, aged 47 years.

SISLEY—On May 10, at Toronto, Harry Sisley.

THORNTON—At Bantrana, Dawgal, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Todd Thornton, D. L., of Granttefield, Kingstown, County Dublin, aged 60 years.

WEST—On May 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Orr West, aged 27 years.

HIRT—On May 12, at Toronto, Cora Hirt, aged 12 years.

MICHEL—On May 13, at Lefontaine, Rev. Joseph Michel, aged 57 years.

PITT—On May 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard Pitt.

BEAUMONT—On May 11, at Gananoque, George Beaumont, aged 65 years.

WARDEN—On May 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Marion Warden.

WRIGHT—On May 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Caroline Wright of Beaconsfield, Manitoba, aged 69 years.

MUNN—On May 12, at Arnprior, Mrs. John Mann.

THOMPSON—On May 11, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Thompson.

GERVAIS—On May 11, at Iroquois, Ernest Edward Gervais.

JACKMAN—On May 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Greenfield Jackman, aged 77.

WILSON—At Toronto, Mrs. M. A. Wilson, aged 37 years.

DYMENT—On May 8, at Goderich, William Dyment, aged 29 years.

WORTHINGTON—On May 12, at Mattawa, John C. Worthington.

DONALD—On May 10, at Armonte, Percival Richard Donald, aged 4 months.

FRASER—On April 28, killed at Hamilton, Charles J. G. Fraser of Toronto.

FIMISTER—On April 22, at Edinburgh, James Fimister, aged 54 years.

OAKLEY—On May 14, at Toronto, Cornelius Oakley, aged 49 years.

NETTLETON—On May 15, at Little York, Mrs. Sarah Nettleton, aged 83 years.

HAY—On May 14, at Toronto, John Hay, aged 49 years.

POTTS—On May 9, at Kincardine, Mrs. Jane Frances Potts.

WATSON—On May 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard Watson, aged 78 years.

EBZETS—On May 10, at Euston's Corners, Mrs. Anna Ebzets.

TO RENT—FURNISHED—FOR SUMMER months—beautiful residence in Lakefield; known as D'Eyncourt Park; situated on Otonabee river, where there is good boating and fishing; house contains 14 rooms; use of vegetables, fruit, cow, wood, poultery, ice, etc. Apply to

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Monday Evening, May 20

General admission 25 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents. Plan now open at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.

Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park

Friday, Queen's Birthday
and Saturday, May 23

Ten Flat Races and Three Steeplechases

Street Cars will run every four minutes to the track. Badges for sale at J. E. Ellis & Son, cor. King and Yonge, and Queen's Hotel, and the Rossin House. On Queen's Birthday at Butler's Cigar Store, No. 67 Yonge street.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

First Race on Monday at 2.30 p.m. each day.

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FINE SHOES

Our Ladies' $3.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—Stylish, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds

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THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

The Grandest and Only Operatic Musical Festival Ever Given in Toronto

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Friday Evening, May 31, Grand "Inaugural" Night—Faust
Saturday Afternoon, June 1, Grand "Popular" Afternoon
Saturday Evening, June 1, Grand "Opera" Night—Wagner, Il Trovatore

ONE PRICE (ONLY) TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE—$1.00

Plan opens to Subscribers (only) at Messrs. Nordheimers' Monday, May 20, and General Public Tuesday, May 21, at 10 o'clock. Checks given out at 8 o'clock.

The Railways will run excursions from all points to Toronto and return for a fare and a third on condition that a party of ten or more comes from the same city or town.

Among the artists that are engaged are MISS JUCH, SIG. JULES PEROTTI, MISS AUS DER OHE, HERR EMIL FISHER and others, and a Grand Orchestra of 40 Eminent Musicians under the direction of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN.

For further information see daily papers. DON'T FORGET THE DATE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

The Cause of the Great Rush at Our Dress Counters This Week:

We are selling 20c. Dress Goods for 10c. a yard, 25c. Dress Goods for 12½c. a yard. 30c Dress Goods for 15c. a yard, Fine Double Width Dress Goods 30c., 40c., and 50c., worth 40c. to 75c. a yard, these being part of our large purchase at 52½c. on the dollar from the estate of Charles Morton & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants of Montreal, who are in liquidation.

The Effect of These Sweeping Reductions:

Our store is crowded from morning till night with buyers anxious to secure some of the many bargains we offer. A large portion of this stock being Hosiery and Gloves enables us to offer astonishing bargains in these departments. Ladies' Hosiery 7c., 10c., 12½c. up. Ladies' Black Cashmere Hosiery 20c., 25c., 30c., worth 30c., 35c. and 45c. Children's Hosiery 5c., 10c., 12½c. and 15c. Thread and Taffeta Gloves 10c., 15c. and 20c. Silk Gloves 25c., 30c. and 35c. Kid Gloves, 4 buttons, 35c., 50c., 62½c., 75c., worth 75c. to $1 a pair. Ladies' and Children's Underwear in Cotton, Thread, Merino, Gauze, Cashmere—low prices. Jerseys, Jackets, Wraps, Parasols, Prints, Sateens, Ginghams, Table Linens, Sheetings, Lace Curtains, Quilts, &c., &c, at greatly reduced prices.

Samples sent by mail. Our Dress and Mantle Making Rooms are in charge of a First-class American Modiste.

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Intending Visitors to the Paris Exhibition and the Continent
WILL REQUIRE

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The Distinguished Musician and Vocal Teacher from Paris and New York

Will reside in Toronto through the spring and summer months, and is now ready to receive pupils in all branches of musical instruction.

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and BUCKLING & SONS, Yonge Street, Toronto.

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PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

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IN CONNECTION WITH

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FOR

Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.

Steamer "Chicora" begins single trips Monday, May 20, leaving Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m.
Tickets at all price pal offices.
Special rates to Societies, Sunday Schools, &c.

FAVORITE STEAMER

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Leaves Queens' Wharf, Toronto, daily at 3.40 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Close connections, quick time, choice of routes, low rates t excursion parties. Season tickets for sale

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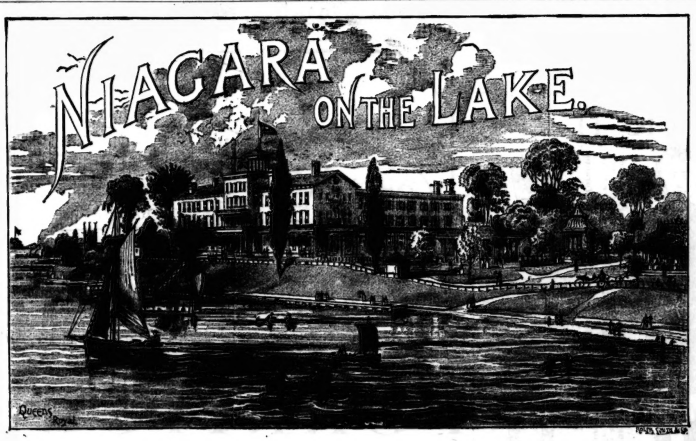

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is located in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Niagara River. Opens for the season June 15. Has accommodation for 300 guests. Complete with all modern improvements. The rooms are mostly "en suite," and well adapted for families. Good fishing, bathing and boating. Four lawn tennis courts. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT,
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The Paving of the Future.

ITS ADVANTAGES AND WHERE A GOOD SPECIMEN CAN BE SEEN.

The materials that have been used for pavements are so varied, and the different opinions regarding the qualities, which give one kind an advantage over another, are so opposed, that it must be regarded as a matter of congratulation that asphalt, which, while it embraces most of the good qualities of pavements in use, and has many that they could never have, has come in modern times to be regarded as the cheapest, most durable, and most desirable material that can be used.

But there is asphalt and asphalt—the good, imperfect and bad. Get that which is good, and there is a pavement that is desirable for its cleanness and other health points, that is made cheap by its durability, and that is pleasing in appearance from the regularity with which its surface can be laid. Such pavement is certain to come into demand, and it may be of interest to many to know that about as good a specimen as can be seen anywhere is in Mr. Bethune's yard, north side of College, opposite McCaul street. The work of paving this yard has been contracted for by Mr. Parmalee, of the Parmalee Roofing and Paving Company, 10 Adelaide street west, and from the fact that he has been so long and intimately connected with the best paving company in the United States (the T. New Paving Co., for which he acted as superintendent for many years), it is a certainty that those who wish to examine asphalt paving of the highest quality can have no better opportunity than is now presented by paying a visit to Mr. Bethune's yard. There are many points in favor of this paving that a visitor is sure to glean from observation. Walk on it, and even though only laid a day there is a feeling of substantiality that suggests comfort with durability. Take a hammer and sound it, and the ring suggests hardness with a flexibility so tempered that it makes it the more lasting. Cleanliness and health are also suggested. No dirt can lie between crevices, for there are no crevices or cracks for it to lie between. In Mr. Bethune's yard there is a double grading, which is done with a nicety that speaks well for the practical men Mr. Parmalee employs.

Mr. Parmalee has had a life-long experience in asphalt paving and gravel roofing. Under his personal supervision many of the best buildings in the States have had their roofs covered and cellars paved, and the testimonials he holds are substantial evidences of the fact that his work has always given entire satisfaction.—*Toronto News, May 11, 1889.*

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"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Bodwin's Testimony," by Mary Halleck Foote, at 30 cents; and "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

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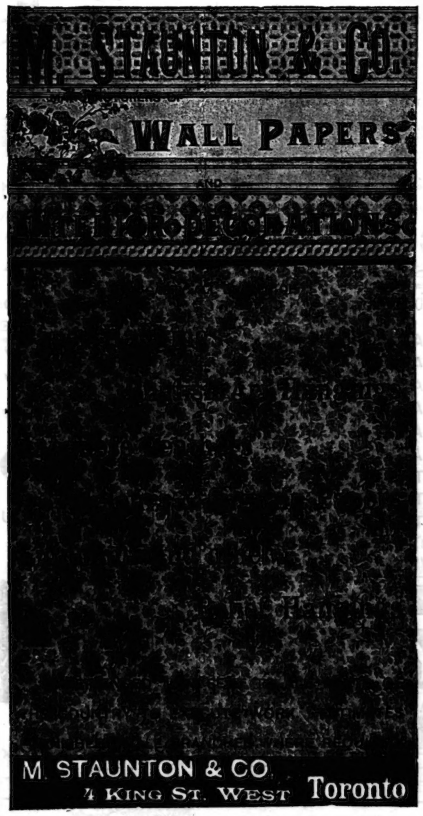

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